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# A Rebellion

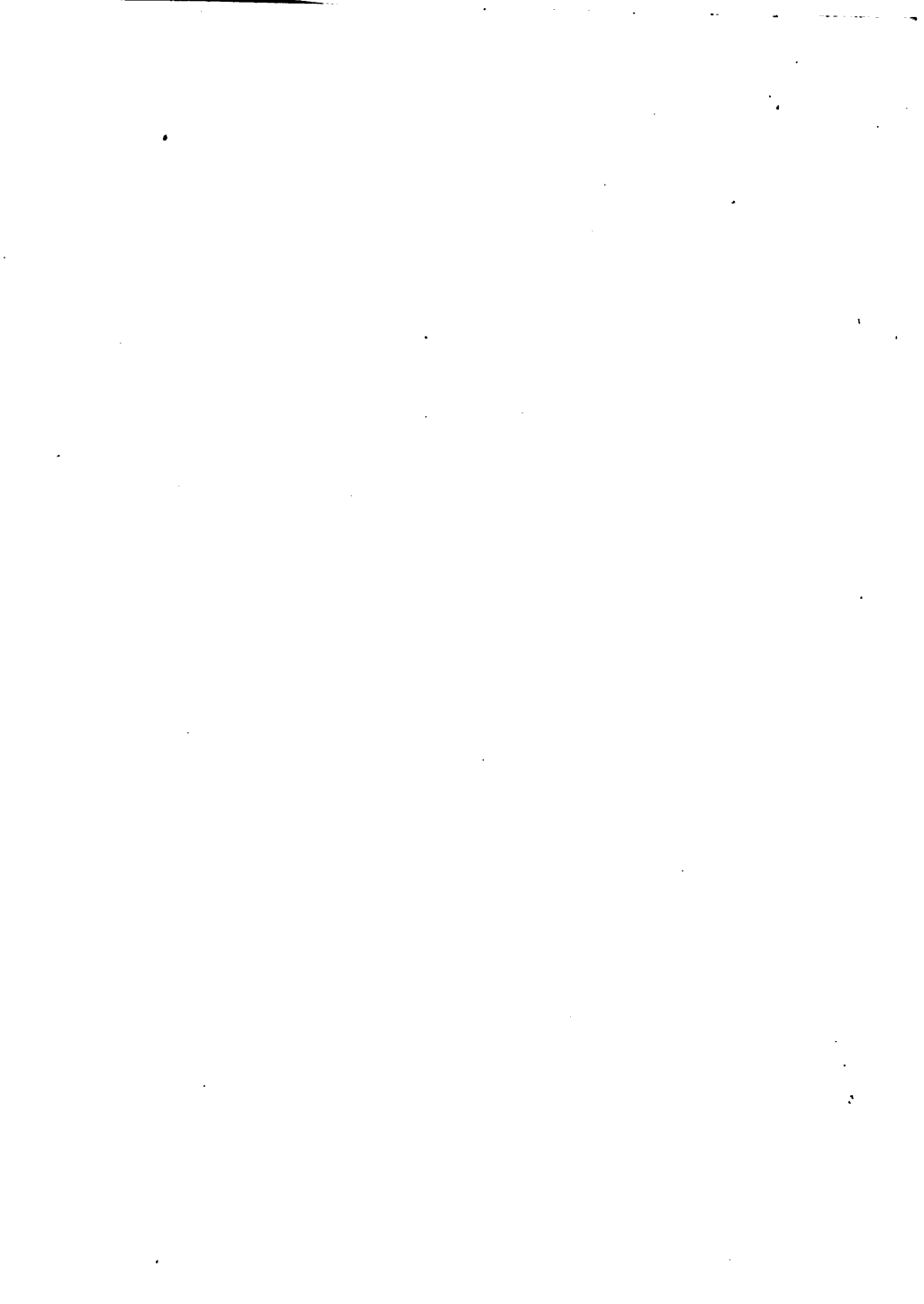
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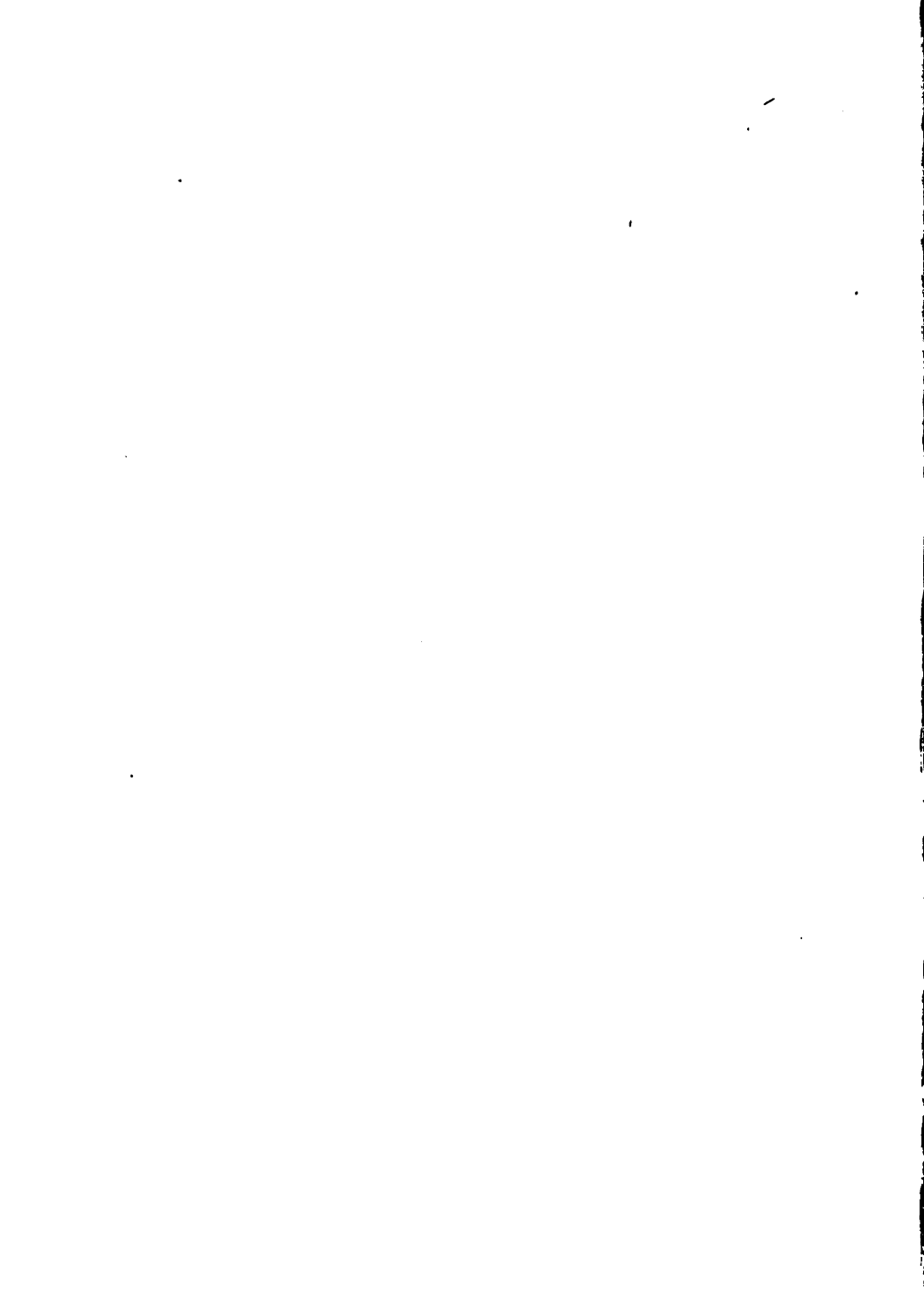
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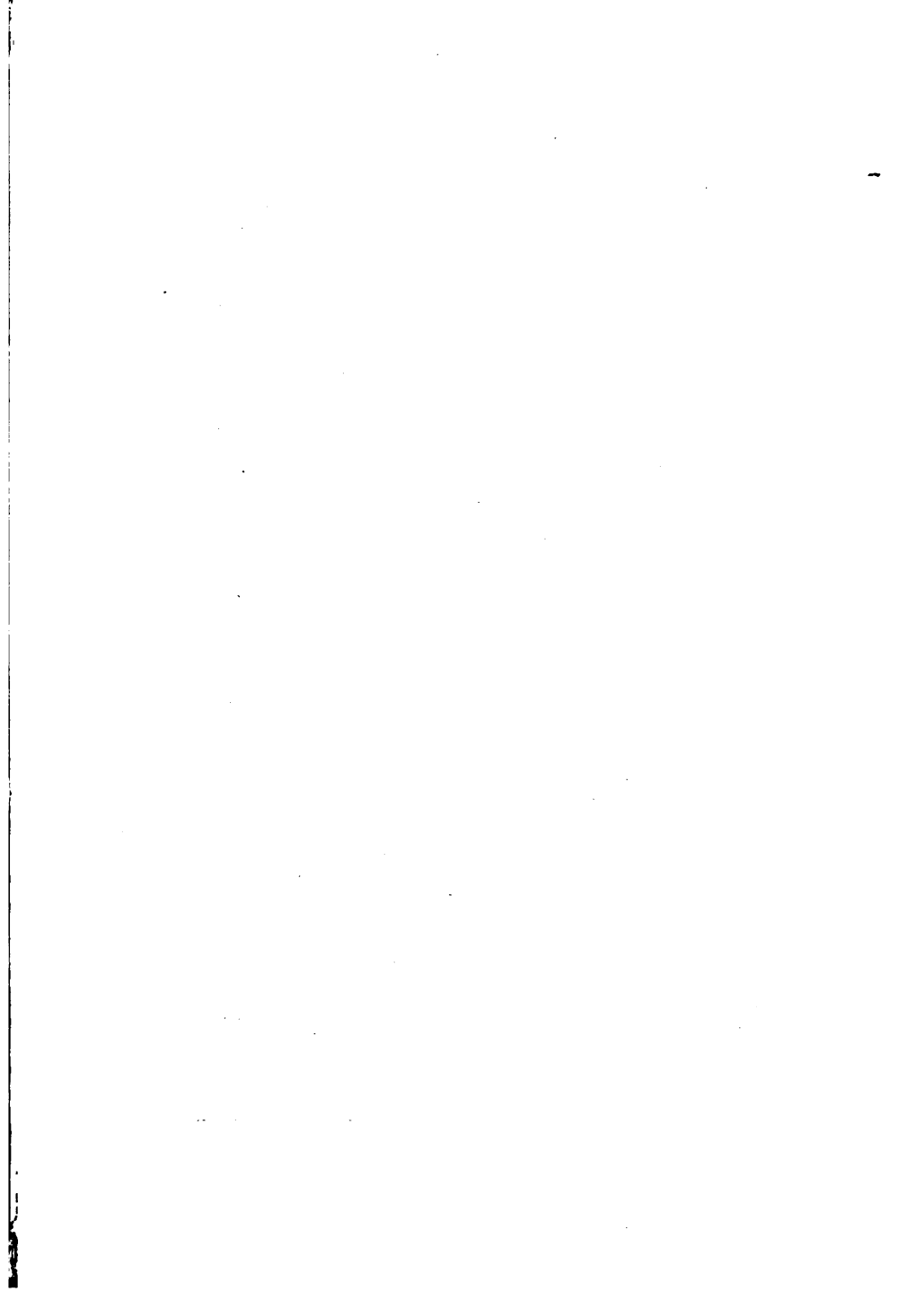
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**DULCIE AND THE SQUIRE**

# **A REBELLION**

**A Story of the Red River  
Uprising**

**By  
F. DOUGLAS REVILLE**

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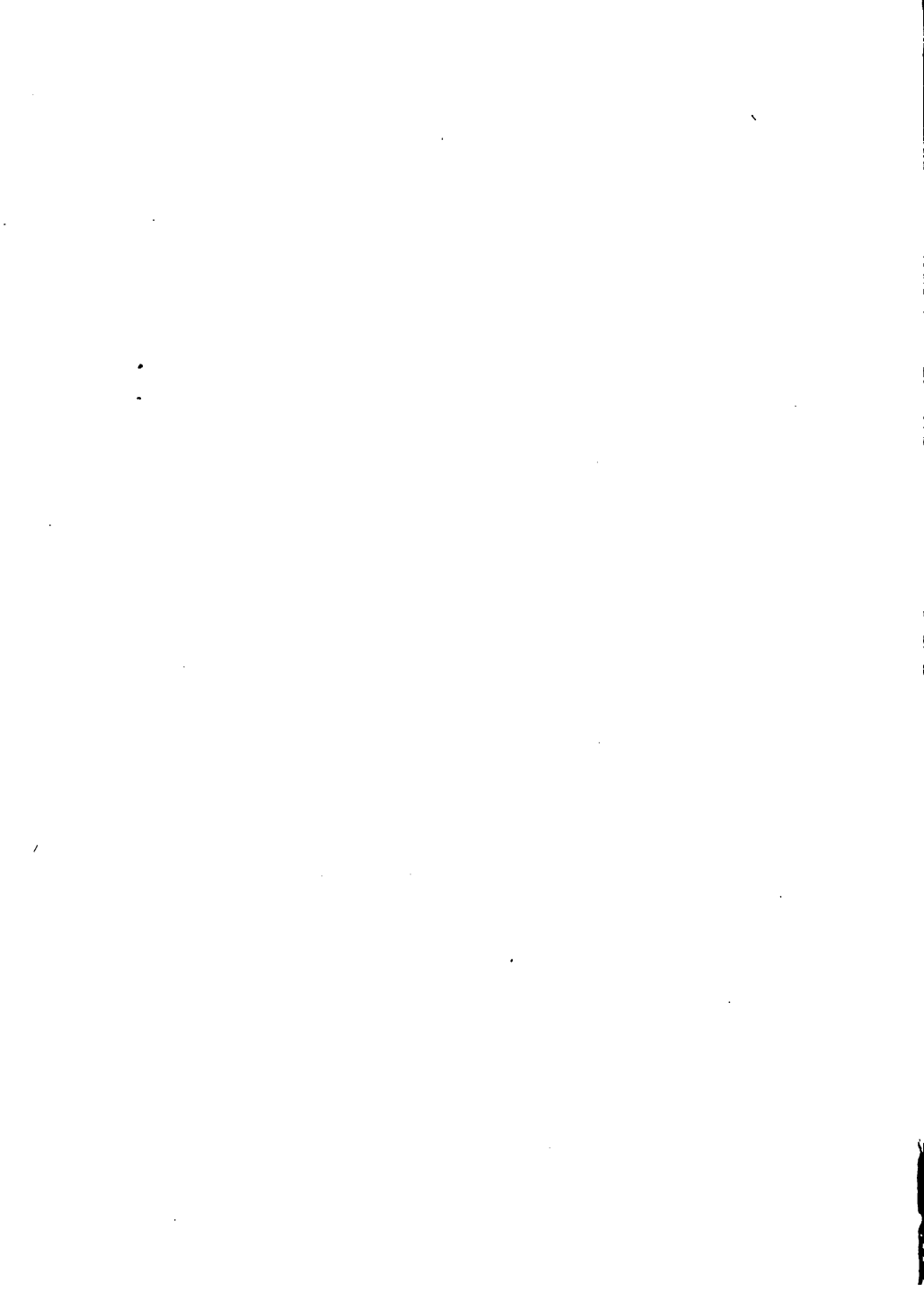
**Illustrated by  
PAUL WICKSON**

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**HURLEY PRINTING CO.  
PUBLISHERS  
BRANTFORD, ONT.**

£1912





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**TO MY WIFE**



## PROLOGUE

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In the accompanying story the statements in connection with the Red River Rebellion are historically correct.

For the topographical details in connection with the British expedition, together with some of the incidents, I am indebted to the jottings of a private journal published in 1871, "The Red River Expedition," by Capt. G. L. Huyshe, one of the staff of Sir Garnet Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley, one of Great Britain's ablest commandants.

The inner story of the life of the prisoners in Fort Garry and the execution of Scott were obtained from the late Rev. Dr. Young, who was there bravely doing his duty throughout the trouble.

The Chaplain, Pete, and other characters, are, of course, simply ebullitions of the author's fancy.

It may be remarked that Riel, who was mistakenly allowed to escape punishment for the brutal killing of Scott, and afterwards actually returned to Canada unmolested, led another insurrection in later years, and many citizen soldiers were killed before the trouble was suppressed. For this he was very properly hanged, as he should have been in the first place.

Wolseley's expeditionary force consisted of regular troops and Canadian militia. Young men of the Dominion, and many of them not young, eagerly responded to the call for service, but many were doomed to disappointment, as it was decided that only those of the hardest and strongest constitutions should be allowed to undertake the great and sustained physical hardships which confronted the expedition.

The development of the great Canadian North-West since the period mentioned in the following pages constitutes in itself a veritable romance. That vast region was practically a *terra incognita* when in 1811 Thomas

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**F. DOUGLAS REVILLE**

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**REV. ALLERTON**



# A REBELLION

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## CHAPTER I

REV. ALLERTON

“AND, GENTLEMEN, let me add that I think previous speakers have been altogether too diffident in their claims with reference to the land of the heather. Did their natural modesty not forbid, they would have asserted, what is indubitably the case, that Adam was himself a Scotchman.

“We know this by the fact that when Eve stumbled with a dish of haggis, it afterwards settled into a hard substance, the origin of what we now call macadamized roads; and also by the further circumstance that when Eve found that fig leaf trousers bagged at the knees, she persuaded Adam to wear said leaves around his waist—constituting the origin of the present kilt.

“Let me further say that I have come to the conclusion that the noblest work of Providence is a Scotchman. If you don't believe it, all you have to do is to attend a St. Andrew's dinner.”

## A REBELLION

The speaker, as he thus closed an after-dinner speech on behalf of St. George at a St. Andrew's gathering, was greeted with mingled applause and laughter by the sons of Scotia and descendants whom he had been addressing with this and other good-humored raillery. A notable figure he presented. His garb betokened him a Church of England minister, but his style and manner were far removed from the conventional type. Over six feet in height, his shoulders seemed to be somewhat stooped, but when he stripped for a boxing bout, or other manly exercise, as he often did, this apparent roundness was found to be nothing less than a mass of muscular development, which fittingly topped the frame of a Hercules. He was still a young man, although slightly bald, and his every movement had the elasticity of perfect health and prime tension. Those who liked him liked him well, for his disposition made him an acquired taste, all the stronger when once attained.

"Going home, John?" he remarked to a middle-aged, grizzled man, as the gathering dispersed.

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "but our ways lie apart."

## REV. ALLERTON

"I want the walk after all this smoke and stuffiness, and couldn't get a better companion," the minister responded, as he slipped his arm in that of the other, and the two started.

Along the whole coast of England, there is no more rocky shore than that which abuts the little village of Brindon, where these two men lived—the one, John Daunton, descendant of a long line of sturdy and independent farmers, and the other, Reverend Allerton, curate-in-charge. The little seaside spot presented an impressive sight this November night. The waves were dashing against the boulders, and scattering the water far up the beach, while the spray was in all the air, tingling the senses and whipping the nerves into active and alert life. To the left, and below them, the lights of "The Three Jolly Sailors" still twinkled, and the elder man, noticing them, exclaimed:

"The usual crowd of fools down there, I suppose, wasting their money, with wild Alec in the thick of it."

"I don't think Alec is there to-night," returned the minister.

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I caught him

## A REBELLION

beating his wife to-day, and—well, I thrashed him,” was the grim response.

“You shouldn’t have done that, sir,” but the light of approval in his eyes belied the remark.

“It was a hasty action, but I don’t regret it, for it will do him good. I made it all right, of course, in every way.”

“How do you account, sir, for the attractiveness of the pub.?”

“Its medium of hospitality, I suppose. A man who can’t entertain his friends at home, as we can, goes there, and everything is at command for himself and others so long as he can pay, or his name is good for a chalk-up.”

“Drinking is a curse,” said John, who held very strong views on that subject.

“Anything is a curse,” replied the minister, “providing it is carried to excess.”

“Meanwhile, what about your own affairs?” and the minister glanced questioningly at his companion.

There was no mistaking the type of the latter. Rugged honesty and stern purpose were indicated in every line. He was such a man as his fellows would instinctively turn to and follow in the time of danger, and just as instinctively shrink from, if requiring help for

REV. ALLERTON

wrong-doing, or self-imposed disgrace, for John Dauntton failed to realize that some natures are far more prone to temptation, and less able, physically and mentally, to withstand it, than others. With him it would have been utterly useless to argue that the passionate intensity which made the genius of a Byron, a Burns, or a Georges Sandys, also animated their reverse natures—the swing of the pendulum.

“Well,” he made slow answer, “she is still bound up in the young Squire, that I feel certain, and though I’m watchful, they often meet. That I can’t stop.”

“Not secretly?”

“No. They were boy and girl together, and he often meets her and sees her home. A man of his position has no right bothering with such as us. Young Blake, the schoolmaster, wants her, and would make a good husband, but it seems to me that position always blinds women to merit.”

“I don’t agree with that. Your forefathers were just as good as his, no doubt—perhaps better, for many’s the title and big estate first bestowed for some dirty work an honest man would not have done, or as the reward of some



## A REBELLION

monarch's light o' love. There is more than one bar sinister on the carriages going round the Row."

"I can't side with you, sir. It's easy for you to say, with your breeding, but it looks different to me with mine. God Almighty made some to control and some to serve; that's His ordering, so it seems to me, and there can be no mating between the two. It's flying in the face of Providence."

"Given," responded the minister, "a man or woman, and they are equal in the sight of the Almighty with any other man or any other woman anywhere. They have the same make-up, the same attributes and a like soul. What account does He take of wealth or station? But here we are, John, at your diggings, and I'll say 'Good-night.' "

"Good-night, sir," responded John, and he went slowly up the entrance way in thoughtful mood. As he reached the door it was opened, and a young pair of arms were round his neck.

"What! You still up, Dulcie?"

"Yes. I waited to give you a good-night kiss."

"More likely some love story you've been

REV. ALLERTON

interested in," returned John, but he looked pleased, nevertheless, as he saw the bright face held up to him.

There was much disparity in age and difference in manner between the two. John was a big, gawky lad when the little sister came to gladden the home of father and mother—their "surprise," as they called her—and when they fell asleep within a few months of each other they left the son to look after her, and well had he done so. He was large of figure, but she was small, with the tiniest of ears and hands, and an infectious vivacity.

"And how was the supper?" she asked.

"First-rate."

"Who made the speech of the evening?"

"Mr. Allerton, of course. He always does."

"And did you take some of the haggis?"

"Yes, a little."

"Poor John! Some people say the Scotch can't see a joke, but I think calling haggis a food is one of the biggest jokes on record."

"Maybe, but then it's no joke after you've taken it. Hello! A letter for me, eh?" he exclaimed, as he walked up to the mantelpiece. "When did that come?"

## A REBELLION

parture for the metropolis the following morning. A special license he soon obtained, and then commenced a search for an out-of-the-way church.

After some difficulty he found an edifice in a seemingly dead and forgotten by-street. The houses had been at one time the residences of prosperous city merchants, but the growing tide of bricks and mortar had long since robbed them of their suburban advantage, and they had been submerged in the vortex of the ever-growing city. The weeds grew up among the flagstones of the dilapidated pavements; the iron railings in front of the areas were broken, and numbers missing, while shutters, many of them hanging upon one hinge, banged noisily, this gusty day, against the tenements.

At the far end of the thoroughfare stood the church, a little back from the residences. In a small graveyard in front were a few straggling tombstones, which had struck an angle of forty-five with marvellous unanimity, while a signboard, which had likewise become a slave to the prevailing fashion, told in half-faded letters that, the Rev. John Beggs, B.A., held Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., and Wednesday evening prayer-meeting at 7.30.

## REV. ALLERTON

Enquiry revealed the fact that Rev. Beggs lodged in a tumbledown house in near proximity, and upon hearing his name mentioned the gentleman in question issued nervously from a side-room. He was attired in a rusty black suit, almost threadbare, and his evident age was such as to indicate that he had even been forgotten by the King of Terrors. Fifty years before the Rev. Beggs had come as a curate to St. Matthew's, when it was the home of a prospering congregation. Portly merchants marched their families up the aisles each Sunday, but the spirit of true consecration was not in the services.

Once in a while some decent soul would venture to enter into the responses, but a fusillade of surprised glances soon ended such temerity.

Rev. Beggs was hired by Rev. Twinkin-bottle, who made his curate do all the work, while he maintained a well-earned reputation as the best diner-out and after-dinner storyteller in the neighborhood. Rev. Beggs had worked his way into college by sheer hard study and self-sacrifice, and he entered the church for the love of it. One of his tenets was that a minister should not marry, which did

## A REBELLION

not tend to his popularity, and, finding that he had little or no sympathy among these people, he made the further mistake of starting missionary work in a poor quarter and inducing some undesirables to attend service. The reprimand he got from his Rector put an effectual quietus on further efforts in that direction.

When the Rev. Twinkinbottle passed away the neighborhood was so far on the decline that Rev. Beggs was given the living, chiefly because no one else would take it.

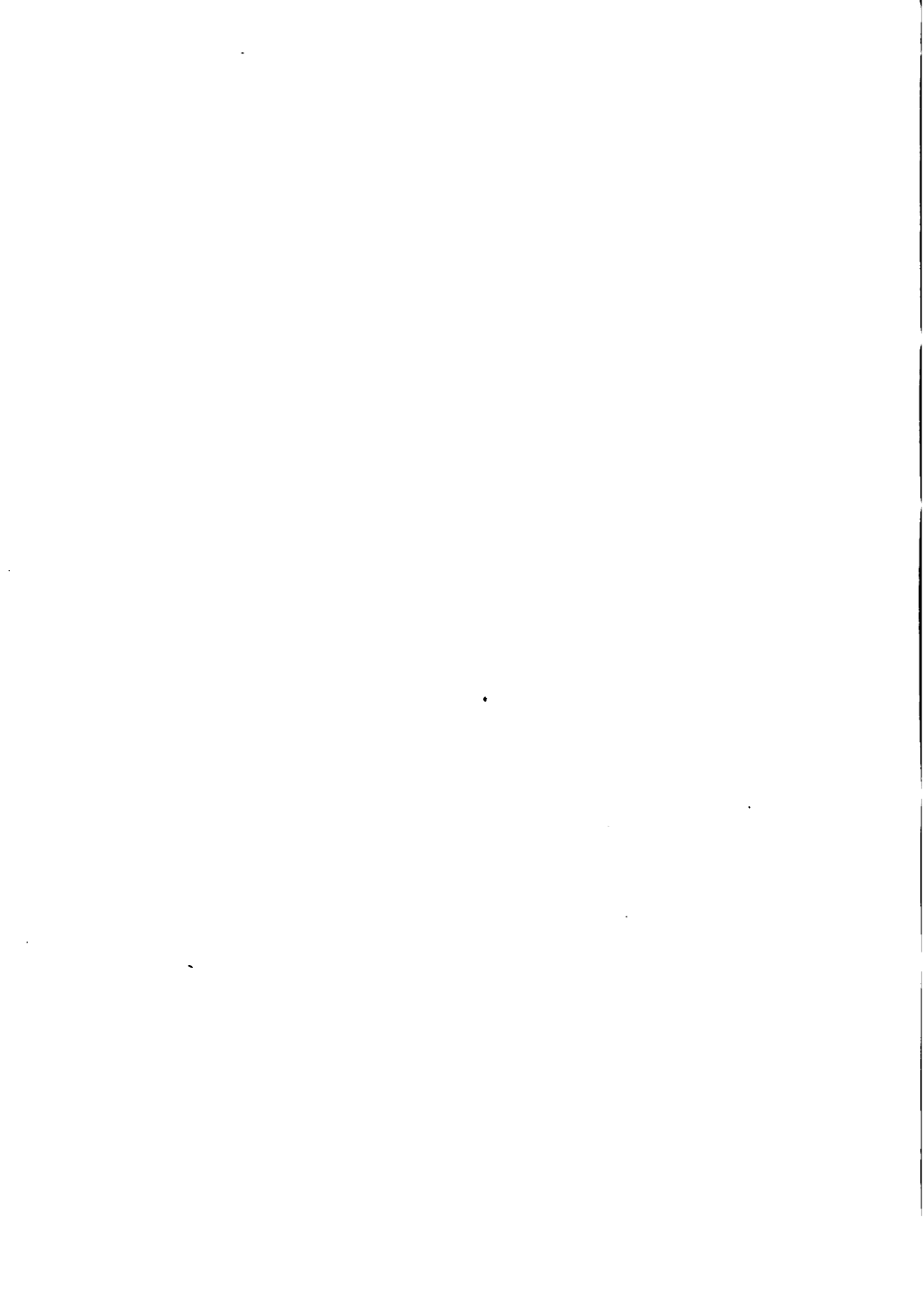
The aged minister heard the Squire's request with a good deal of trepidation, and trotted out his best Latin expressions, to the infinite confusion of that young gentleman. In the end, the marriage was arranged to take place two days later, Rev. Beggs undertaking to find witnesses and someone to give the bride away. The young Squire pressed a gold piece in his hand for his trouble, and while Rev. Beggs stood gazing hesitatingly at it, the coin was snatched by a gamin, whom the shortsighted eyes found it totally impossible to follow.

At the chosen time the ceremony took place. Rev. Beggs wore a surplice, which he had

## REV. ALLERTON

evidently prevailed upon someone to wash and darn for the occasion, and the old pew-opener, who shone resplendent in a newly-starched collar which chafed his neck, gave the bride away. Thus the ceremony took place which made Dulcie Daunton and the Squire man and wife.

A few weeks afterwards Rev. Beggs passed to his last account, and the church was purchased and pulled down by a city contractor.



## **OVER THE CLIFF**





## CHAPTER II

### OVER THE CLIFF

HAROLD BLAKE, the schoolmaster at Brindon, was a man of somewhat sombre disposition. He was the possessor of a highly nervous temperament, but he cloaked it under a show of outward reserve, and this led most people to entirely misunderstand his real character. For two years he had been the local pedagogue, and he had performed his duties conscientiously and well. In those two years he had learned to love Dulcie Dauntton, although in this, as in other matters, he had maintained a constraint which did not indicate the intensity of his real feelings. His capacity for affection was great. So also was his power of jealousy when thwarted. He had not failed to notice that during the absence of John Dauntton, and since his return, the Squire had been more openly attentive to Dulcie, and he was pondering over this fact as he walked slowly along the village road one evening some time after the clandestine marriage of the pair. To his mind there could not be anything more on the part of the young Squire than a desire to while away a few pleasant hours, even at the

## A REBELLION

expense of perhaps an embittered life for the girl. With bent head he ruminated over the situation as it appeared to him, when just as he was about to emerge from a small copse he heard the sound of two voices—two voices he knew well. Almost intuitively, he took a couple of steps back. There could be no mistake about the fact that it was the Squire and Dulcie who had met there in the evening shadows.

They were leaning against a low stone wall, crossing a small stream, and Blake saw enough to realize that there was something of very deep interest between the two. The fact was that Dulcie had communicated some information to the Squire which had caused him to give vent to a low whistle, and to make the promise that he would leave for London by the morning train, to secure a copy of their marriage license.

The truth, too long hidden, must come out at last; but Blake saw nothing of honor and all of suspicion in that clandestine meeting, and as he retraced his steps he swore to himself that he would have it out with the Squire before many hours were over. If John Dauntton was too blind to see what was taking place,

## OVER THE CLIFF

he was not, and he decided to see the matter out on his own responsibility.

Filled with this determination, he journeyed to the manor next afternoon, only to be told at the lodge gate that the master was in London and would not be at home until the evening.

That afternoon a terrific storm raged, and when the Squire arrived at the little station and crossed over to the hotel where he had left his horse, the landlord strongly advised him not to venture along the cliff road on such a night. Even the hardy fisher-folk, sheltered as they were at the foot of the cliff, kept close within doors. The Squire only laughed at the advice of the landlord, and with the remark, "I'll be all right, Joe," he started out.

His road ran along the top of the high cliffs, and despite the driving rain, which speedily drenched him to the skin, he urged his steed, apparently oblivious of the weather conditions. Suddenly a form emerged from the side of the road, and a voice exclaimed:

"I want a word with you."

The Squire pulled up, for he recognized the tones to be those of the village schoolmaster.

"Well, Blake," he said, with some surprise,

## A REBELLION

"what on earth are you doing here on such a night, and what is it?"

"It's about Dulcie."

"My—— Miss Daunton, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I want to know what your intentions are regarding her."

An angry flush rose to the Squire's face. "That or anything else concerning me is none of your damned business. All you have to do is to teach the children their A B C's. As long as you do that properly you'll stay here; when you don't, you'll go."

"Hold on!" returned Blake, speaking with earnest rapidity. "I love Miss Daunton. Why can't you leave her alone? You have wealth, and all that a man wants, why should you seek to trifle with her, the one woman in the world to me? For God's sake, sir, cease your attentions, which can mean nothing but harm; or travel for a while—somewhere—and leave her to me. I think I could win her affection—in time." The pleading note in his voice was pathetic, but it only served to still further rouse the Squire.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, as he struck the

## OVER THE CLIFF

horse with his whip to urge it forward. In an instant Blake had grabbed the animal's head. "You shan't go!" he exclaimed, in tense tones, "until you have given me an answer."

"Let go that horse's head!"

"I will not!"

The passion which disfigured both men's faces was not good to see. "Then take that!" returned the Squire, as he brought the whip full across Blake's face, leaving a vicious and angry-looking mark. Now completely beside himself, Blake reached up to grasp his assailant. The frightened horse backed, as the men surged to and fro for a moment, its hind feet suddenly went over the cliff's edge, and horse and rider plunged down together to the rocks below.

The revulsion in Blake's feelings was pitiful. In an instant he was all anxiety for the safety of the man whom a moment before he could have slain without remorse. By a devious path he hurried to the bottom of the cliff, only to find his worst fears realized. There lay the young Squire, a crushed heap of humanity, when a few moments before he had been full of vigorous life and bounding vitality.

## A REBELLION

With trembling fingers, Blake tore open the coat and placed his hand upon the heart of the seemingly lifeless figure. As he did so the Squire slowly opened his eyes, and, half-raising himself on one arm, muttered the word "Dulcie" and fell back—dead.

For some time the frantic schoolmaster endeavored to chafe the lifeless hands, and then with a remorse which he realized would remain with him for the rest of his life, he toiled up the cliff path once more, with all his senses benumbed. As he reached the top he heard the footsteps of another horse coming along the road. Hastily drawing himself back into the deeper shadow, with that first feeling of guilty alarm which was forever after to remain with him, he saw an animal, too old to repay his master's care, drag itself wearily along in search of shelter from the storm. Blake wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and cut across country for his lodging-house. Here, in answer to the query of his landlady, he explained that the mark across his face had been caused by the branch of a tree flying back and striking him as he was pushing through the corner of a wood, and then with a curt "Good-night" he passed on—

## OVER THE CLIFF

ward to his bedroom, but not to sleep. He must get away. Dulcie—how could he again face her? That last word of the dying man had shown what she was to him, and doubtless he was just as much to her.

Next morning some of the fisher-folk found the dead Squire, and his body was tenderly carried to the old manor house, amid the deep grief of the villagers, for his sunny ways made him well liked. His horse, a spirited animal, must have shied and swerved, or else, with head down in the storm, he must have gone too near the cliff edge, was the general verdict. And Dulcie, who can describe her grief? Her poor heart died within her when they told her the awful news, made doubly keen because she knew that she would have to face the burden of motherhood alone—a motherhood not yet publicly recognized by a marriage tie. To John she sobbed out her story, her face buried in her hands, and the lines in his growing harder as he listened in amazed bewilderment.

“And when was this—this marriage?” he asked, in stern accents.

“In London, while you were away at Jim Lumsden’s.”



## A REBELLION

"What was the name of the church, and where is it?"

"I—I don't know. We drove there from the station."

"The name of the minister, then?"

"I don't know," she sobbed, "but he was to get a copy of the license; that was why he went to London. Oh, my poor dead darling!"

"Honest men who mean well don't go to all this secrecy when they marry," returned John in harsh tones, the awful suspicion settling upon his mind that his sister had been tricked by some false ceremony.

"If he went for a copy of the license he must have had it on him. An inquest has been ordered to see if the cliff road should not be protected. I'm on the jury, and will be able to find out what papers were on the—in his clothes."

The inquest took place, but the papers produced as having been found on the deceased did not disclose any certificate. John Dauntton examined them with ill-concealed eagerness, but there was not one line, and he staggered out into the night to face the burden of a shame which well-nigh drove him mad. His sister the plaything of the hour, the mother-

## OVER THE CLIFF

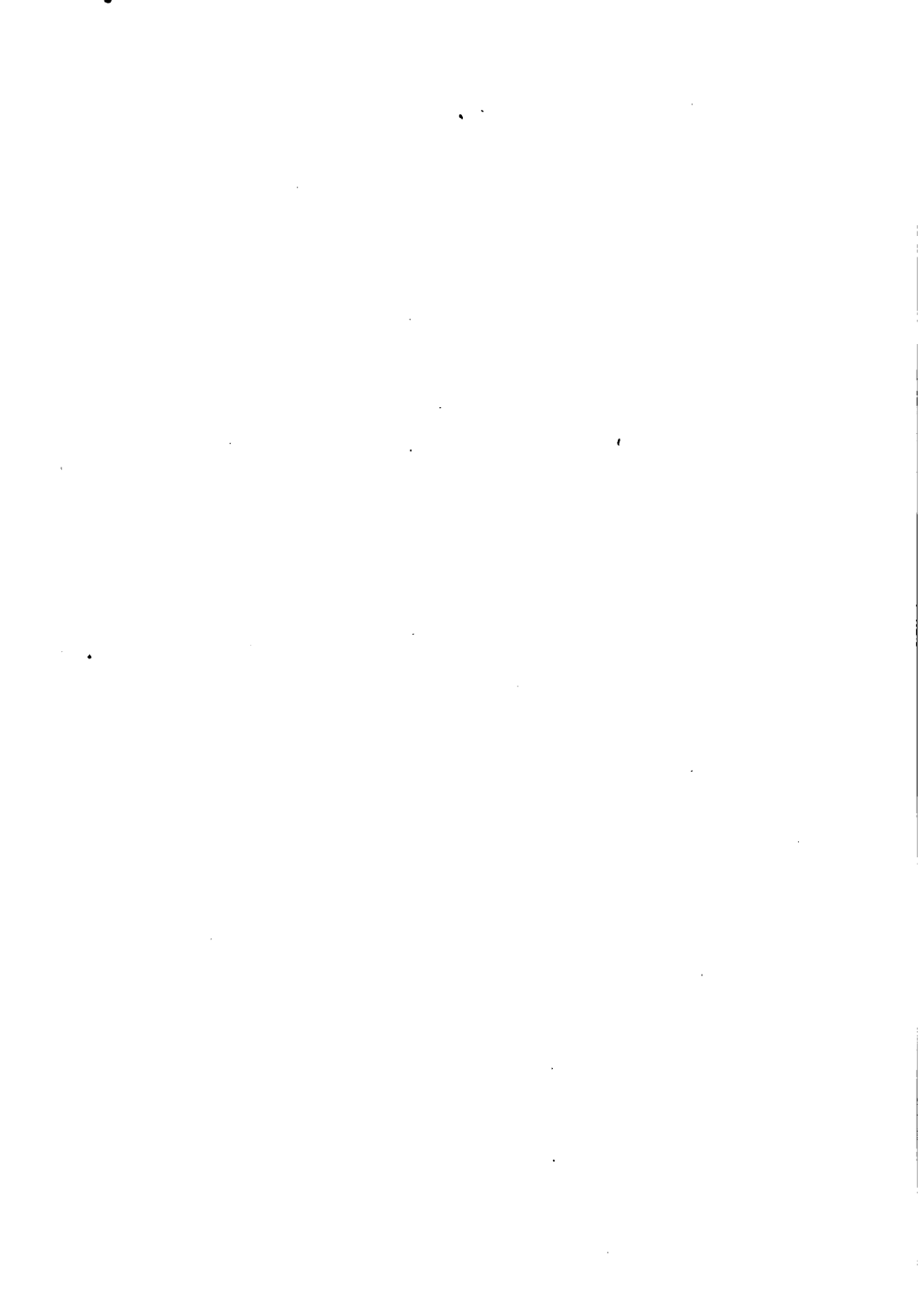
to-be of a nameless child! The horror and disgrace of it brought the strong man to his knees, and caused him to groan aloud in his agony of soul. Three months later a little daughter arrived at the Daunton household, but there was no joy over the event, only scandal and remorse.

Mr. Allerton was with John when a nurse stepped into the parlor and announced the news. With a groan John buried his face in his hands, and the minister placed a friendly arm around the shoulders of the stricken man. All was silence between them for a while, when in broken accents John exclaimed:—

“It seems terrible—that an event—which is a crowning joy and blessing—when a few words have been said—is a deep disgrace—when there are no lines to show.”

“Yet that must needs be,” answered the minister, “for marriage is the only safe solution of the sex question.”

And as the two men sat there, the Angel of Death whispered to Dulcie, and she slept.



## **A DISCLOSURE**



## CHAPTER III

### A DISCLOSURE

THEY folded Dulcie's quiet hands over the stilled heart, and in a few days a simple funeral wended its way to the village churchyard. The fisher-folk and neighbors were very tender in their sympathy for the stricken brother, and many were the quiet and unostentatious manifestations on his behalf, and not only on his, but in memory of the sweet young girl whom they believed to have loved too well.

"Well, John," said Mr. Allerton, when the two reached the gloomy house after the funeral, "what are your future plans?"

"I have been thinking them over, sir, and the first thing to get clear in my mind was that I must go away from here."

"And leave the child?"

"No, sir, not that. She is hers, and as such I will cherish her—she made me promise that just before she crossed the threshold, poor duped darling, and in any event I can do no less. The little thing has not been to blame."

"But must you give up the old home?"

## A REBELLION

"I think so, sir. Not only for my own peace of mind, but also for the future peace of mind of that innocent mite. To rear her here would subject her to the possible taunts of her play-fellows in the school days, and perhaps other unpleasantness later, and although a blight has fallen on me, it shall not on her, if I can prevent it."

The minister grasped John's hand in his own.

"What do you intend?"

"I have a little money on hand, sir. The place is in good shape, and my neighbor would be only too glad to get it, for I have sounded him. This done I shall, without giving a hint of my plans, move to some more distant point in England, probably Devonshire, and secure some quiet cottage where the little one—her little one, God help me!—and myself can live together, and the circumstances of her birth will not be known."

"Well done!" said Mr. Allerton, his husky voice showing how deeply his kindly nature had been stirred. "You're a grand man, John, and a blessing will surely come to you from this great sorrow."

John carried out matters just as he had

## A DISCLOSURE

planned, and in a few months he and Dulcie's child were established in a Devonshire cottage, with a motherly woman of the village to keep house and look after the wants of the tiny stranger. How those days constantly and painfully reminded John of those other days when in like manner he had watched and loved the prattling ways of Dulcie, and just as completely did the motherless waif entwine herself about his heart. She had her mother's name, but of the latter's sad history knew nothing, and learned to call John her "Daddy," though to all around she was known as the orphan child of a dear sister.

Thus the years passed on, and the second Dulcie reached her eighteenth birthday, a comely and vivacious girl, a favorite with all, and the darling of her uncle.

The clear sun poured steadily into John Daunton's garden one day in August. The bees gently swinging in the petals, to their own low humming, were busily engaged. Butterflies flew fitfully among the roses and other flowers, and little rows of box on each side of the neat pathways kept guard with prim propriety over their befoliated prisoners. At the end of the garden, a dancing



## A REBELLION

stream flashed and re-flashed the bright beams of the sunlight, and it was one of those perfect days when Nature in all her moods seemed to blend in one happy and harmonious whole. Somewhat more feeble in step than of yore, John Daunton sauntered down one of the paths, only to see ahead of him a picture which brought an old-time grip to his heart. There he saw on a garden seat Dulcie in a white dress, with a cluster of cream and crimson roses at her bosom, while lying on the grass beside her was a frank-faced and broad-shouldered young man, who had manifestly been saying something which had brought a blush to the oval cheeks.

"How do you do, sir?" exclaimed the reclining one, hastily jumping up as John approached.

"Very well, thank you, Captain Ainslie," John Daunton returned, with even more than his usual gravity.

"I have been telling Miss Dulcie," said the Captain, "that my leave down here has been brought to a sudden termination. Just received hurry orders to join my regiment, and I start in the morning. A rebellion of some sort has broken out in Canada. Rebels have

## A DISCLOSURE

seized Fort Garry, and we have been ordered to go to the front."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied John.

"Beastly nuisance," said the Captain. "Of course, I like the idea of getting into action, but I have been spending such a happy time here"—with a meaning look at Dulcie, who drooped her eyes. "Meanwhile, I must say 'Good-bye,' but I'll be back to-night for a final farewell."

John seated himself beside Dulcie, and held her off at arm's length. She exhibited a tell-tale face to his scrutiny, and then buried her blushing cheeks against his breast, with the exclamation, Oh, Daddy!"

"My dear one!" he exclaimed; how far has this affair gone between you and young Ainslie? I had no idea that there was anything but mutual friendship."

"He loves me, Daddy, and I love him; he is coming for his answer to-night before he goes away."

What was that which caused John Daunton to suddenly jump to his feet and pace up and down the walk, while his face and hands worked convulsively? Dulcie could only look on in dumb bewilderment. Finally the agi-

## A REBELLION

tated man became calmer, and once more sat beside her, again pillowing her head upon his breast.

"My love," he said, in broken accents, "the time has come when you must be told a story which I have shielded—and, thank Heaven, successfully shielded—you from thus far. Your mother, child, was just such a heart's delight as your own sweet self." He paused a moment to tenderly kiss her hair. "But—oh, how can I tell you, and yet I must."

"Dear old Daddy," said Dulcie, stroking his face, "I don't want to hear anything that is giving you pain."

"But you must know," he replied, in broken accents. "Well, dear," he continued, "you were born, and—and—"

"Yes, Daddy—"

"Your mother was not married; she thought she was, to the young Squire where we lived, but she was tricked."

He lowered his head with the silent agony of the confession.

For a moment Dulcie was dazed at the sudden nature of the revelation, and then she threw both arms around him.

"You dear, dear Daddy, and you have kept this from me all these years?"

## A DISCLOSURE

"Yes, my love."

"And you only tell me now because—because—"

"Because, dear, Captain Ainslie has asked you to be his wife, and—and— Oh, my darling, can't you see that you must refuse him, and that without any reason?"

A spasm of pain crossed the fair young face.

"Yes, Daddy, I can see that it must be so," she sobbed.

"That's my brave girl."

"And, Daddy—"

"Yes, precious—"

"I don't feel that could have been true about Mother; if Mother, whom you've always taught me to love so much, was at all like you—as she must have been—it never, never could have happened."

"She believed herself married, pet. But the young Squire, who was supposed to have come from London with a copy of the certificate, fell over a cliff on the way home, and—none—could—be found."

And the two, her arm about his waist and his about hers, wended their way sorrowfully back to the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A REBELLION

"And this is final?"

Captain Ainslie, his face grimly set, and a look of incredulity in his eyes, thus addressed Dulcie in the parlor that evening.

"I'm afraid so, Captain Ainslie," faltered Dulcie.

"You gave me such encouragement this afternoon," moodily returned the Captain, "that I walked home on air—and now—surely you are teasing me?"

"I wouldn't jest on so serious a subject, to me an honor," returned Dulcie, in earnest tones.

"And you give me no hope, no reason?"

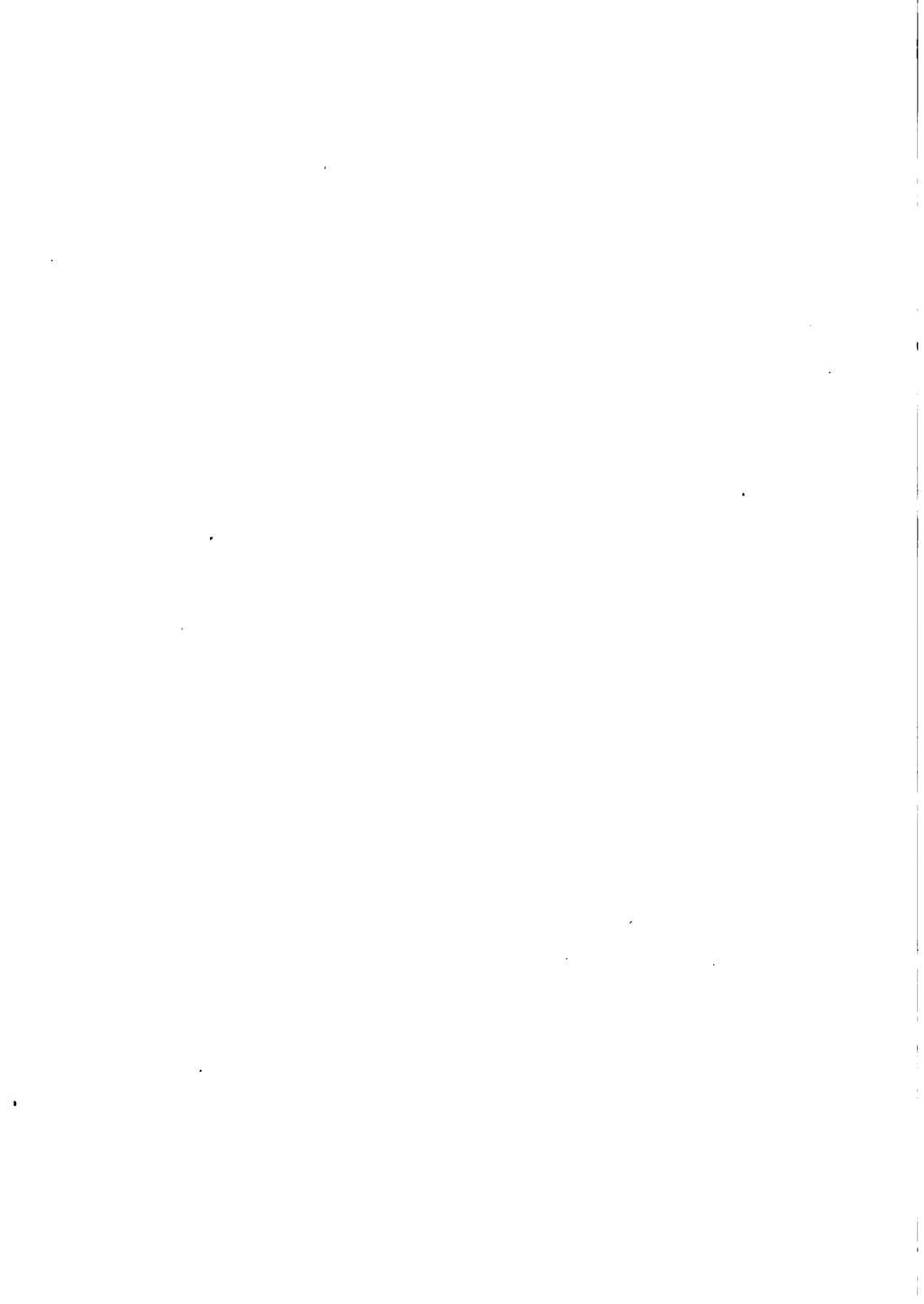
"None whatever, but, do believe me, I do appreciate your esteem."

"Then it is to be 'Good-bye'?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

Captain Ainslie swung out of the house, and Dulcie, rushing into the sitting-room, threw herself into the arms of John Dauntton with a sob and the exclamation, "Daddy, dear Daddy, just we two together! Just we two!"

## **FORT GARRY**



## CHAPTER IV

### FORT GARRY

THE sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, but the mercury stood at 30 degrees below zero, as the almost heatless rays fell upon a cluster of buildings, bounded on all sides as far as the eye could reach by a dead level of snow-covered plain, with the exception of the valleys of two ice-gripped rivers, the Red River and the Assiniboine, at whose junction the settlement stood. Around the buildings was a stone wall and wooden palisading, both loopholed for muskets, and with stone bastions pierced for guns, precautions rendered necessary against the possible attacks of Indians, for the small place consisted of the Hudson Bay trading-post, in the Canadian North-West, Fort Garry, and more than once the necessity had arisen for repelling raids. It was in the winter of 1869, and a group of settlers within the Hudson Bay store were evidently animated by some unusual excitement, albeit some three or four Indians looked on with the usual stoicism of their race. The men were bunched for the most part around a large wood stove, and they were all of them



## A REBELLION

garbed in the rough skin coats so necessary in such a climate.

"I'll tell you what," said the Hudson Bay factor, "the whole thing is silly, and it'll end in smoke," and to emphasize his diagnosis of the case he took his pipe from his mouth and emitted a large volume of that article.

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Bill Brennan, a man of sturdy build and careful manner.

"Don't tell me about the breeds rising," said the factor; "the Hudson's Bay Company's been father and mother and good friend to 'em all in one. What have we ever done to warrant trouble?"

"Taken even their skins right from the first," replied Jack, the unregenerate, but his remark was treated with the contempt it deserved.

"It's not the Company the breeds are down on," said Brennan, "but the fact that the territory has been secured by the Dominion Government, and their surveyors have been filing claims to lands settled for years by the French breeds."

"That's right!" exclaimed another. "The men at Ottawa have secured the land, and

## FORT GARRY

the Company has to let go on receipt of a million and a half."

"There'll be trouble all right," remarked Brennan. "Only yesterday Riel and some others stopped a Government surveying party and ordered them off, saying that the Canadian Government had no right to survey French properties."

"He didn't dare!" ejaculated one.

"Yes, he did, and I miss my guess if he doesn't stop the newly-appointed Governor from coming in here, into the bargain."

Jack and Brennan, whose shacks lay in a like direction, left to go home together. Their horses were bearded with icicles, and from the nostrils of each animal came seeming clouds of steam. On each side of the sun there appeared to be two lesser orbs, and the men, looking at these "sun dogs," remarked to one another that the cold spell was going to be steady. Jack hitched his horse to the back of Brennan's sleigh, and the two of them sat together, the cutters gliding swiftly over the snow, to the accompaniment of the jingling bells.

A strong friendship existed between the two, although neither knew the history of the

## A REBELLION

other nor sought to find it. Both were men who lived solitary lives, without wife or child to bless them, and in manner they were directly opposite, for Jack was about as voluble as Brennan was taciturn. On the road the subject of a possible uprising was again renewed. "What made the factor pooh-pooh it?" queried Jack.

"My own opinion," returned Brennan, "is that some of the Company are quite willing to see trouble. I may wrong them in this, but you see they weren't anxious to give up."

"Just like a man feeling himself done out of a horse trade likes to hear that the animal has turned balky," returned Jack. His companion nodded. Brennan's place was reached first, and Jack continued for some three miles further on. Whistling to himself, he first looked after the horses and their wants, and then, going into his shack, he busied himself about getting his own meal.

His house was a little box frame of one and a half stories, built by himself with the assistance of a French-Canadian. It contained one room downstairs and a sleeping den above. The lower room contained a cooking outfit, a table and three or four chairs, also an impro-

## FORT GARRY

vised carpenter's bench and three boxes for sitting purposes, in case of one of those rare occasions when more than a couple of visitors should arrive. Jack was preparing a meal of stewed prairie chicken, potatoes, turnips, and onions, when he was surprised by the room becoming suddenly darkened, and looking at the one window to ascertain the cause, he saw three dusky Indians, their faces covered with war paint, and each man armed with an old rifle. For some moments their wild eyes peered at him, and he fingered a revolver at his belt, while trying to learn from their expressions, or actions, what they wanted.

Finally he went to the door, revolver in hand, and questioned their business. Evidently they were unable to understand English, but they could size up the odor of the savory meal, and without any more ado they walked in, as Jack muttered to himself, "Guess I'll have to be at home." After jabbering to themselves in the gutturals of their native tongue, they stood their guns in a corner of the room, put off their cartridge belts, took the three chairs, and drew them up to the table, manifesting every intention of having a square meal.

## A REBELLION

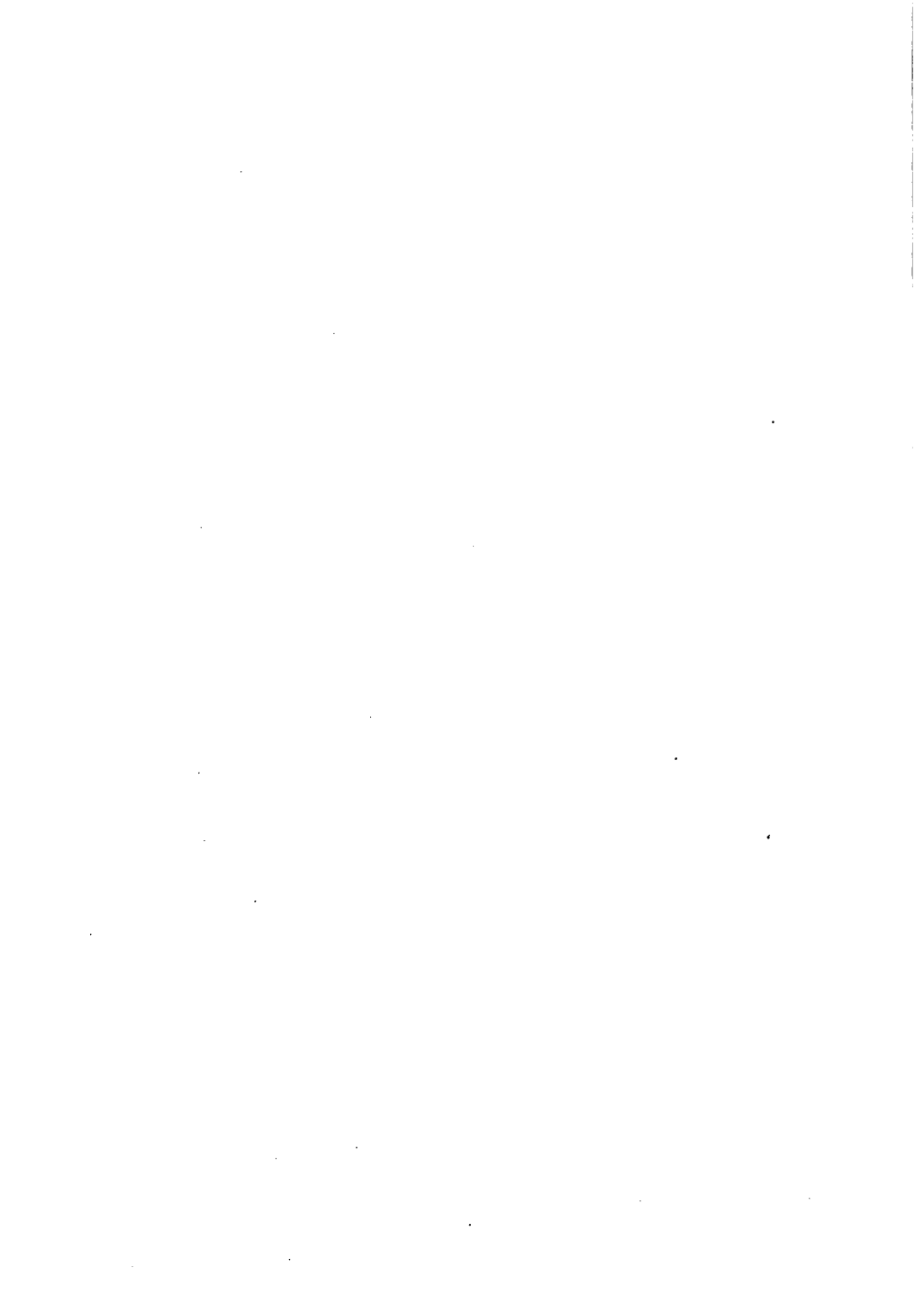
Jack was no coward, but he could not help recalling the fact that a cattleman from Minnesota had told him how he had lost his father, mother and two brothers during an Indian massacre in that State, and he had only escaped himself by hiding under a barn. However, he smiled and shook hands, and as there was not enough of the stew to go around, he got out his frying pan, cut some bacon, and with fried eggs added, put up a very satisfactory meal. At its conclusion tobacco was produced and quietly smoked, and then they solemnly gathered up their rifles and belts and left as they had entered, without a salutation of any kind. Jack followed them to the door, and then for the first time saw that they had their ponies picketed not far from the house. With characteristic and serpentine agility, they vaulted into the saddles and started north on a gallop.

"Old Bill was right," Jack remarked. "There's going to be bad work before this thing ends, but from a conversational standpoint, I should say that my dinner party wasn't just as talkative as a women's quilting bee."

The three Indians, after they had left



THE INDIANS



## FORT GARRY

Jack's, continued in a straight line for a few miles north, going to a meeting place, of whose location they appeared to be aware, with as much accuracy as if apprised by letter. In fact, it is a characteristic of the red men out West that they seem to be fully cognizant of events and incidents, wide apart, with the rapidity of telegraphic communication. Arrived at a shanty, they pushed their way in, the only red men there among a group of French half-breeds. There was a motley gathering, but one figure was much more striking and dominant than all the rest. He was a dark-featured man, of medium height, about forty years of age, betraying only in a slight degree his French-Indian birth. The cast of countenance was not at all displeasing, and when he spoke he showed evidences of good education. He exercised a power of oratory which had a marked effect upon his hearers. In fervid language he dwelt upon the assertion that their lands had been taken by the Government without their leave, and he aroused unlimited enthusiasm as he outlined his plan for establishing a Provincial Government. John Bruce, another half-breed, was elected President, and Riel chosen



## A REBELLION

Secretary, but the latter was the directing force, and under him the uprising was soon in full swing.

"Hello," said Brennan, two days later, as Jack pushed open his door as he was at his evening meal; "you're just in time for a bite."

"Thanks, I will, but I didn't come in for that."

"What's up?"

"Matter enough. You were right about Riel. He and his gang have control of Fort Garry."

"What! And not a shot fired?"

"No."

"How?"

"Well, I've just come from there. Went down this morning and found the British flag at the Fort had been replaced with another flag, by Riel's orders. At the gate he had sentries."

"How did they work it?"

"Well, they were all boasting about it, and the facts weren't hard to learn. The newly-appointed Governor—McDougall, they call him—crossed into the territory from Dakota, when he was stopped by an armed gang. They handed him a letter from Riel, stating that

## FORT GARRY

the Committee had decided that he couldn't come. I got a copy of the letter. Here it is:

Datée à St. Norbert, Rivière Rouge,  
ce 21ème Jour d'Octobre, 1869.

Monsieur,

Le Comité National des Metis de la Rivière Rouge intime à M. Wm. McDougall l'ordre de ne pas entrer sur le territoire du Nord-Ouest sans une permission spéciale de ce Comité.

Par ordre du Président John Bruce,  
Louis Riel, Secrétaire.

A Monsieur McDougall.

"Didn't he fight?"

"No. He thought it best to go back to the States and write the Government."

"What about the Fort?"

"Well, Riel sent off his men in fours and fives, and told them to slip quietly into the place. Then when a number were in he followed and gave the signal, the gates were closed and all the effects seized. Fifty officials and settlers took refuge in the Schultz warehouse outside. Riel placed a guard around, and the inmates were forced to surrender because of lack of provisions. The factor's wife, who was dangerously ill, was dragged in a sleigh to the Fort, the others helping to push."

"Where are they?"

"They first of all had them in gaol, and

## A REBELLION

now they are cooped up in the Hudson Bay building."

"We can't stand by and have that," remarked Brenan; "we'll get together and form a relief party."

"I'm with you."

The pair at once proceeded with the work of bestirring surrounding settlers, and a party of some 400 was formed, under command of Major Boulton. The plan of action was to attack Fort Garry at night, but before they got there a violent snowstorm took place, and owing to the deep drifts through which they had to march, the place was not neared until daylight. Meanwhile word had reached Riel and his supporters of the intended raid, and finding it impossible to carry out the coup de main intended, the members of the rescuing party dispersed.

In doing so, some fifty of them passed too near to the Fort, and were captured by Riel, the number including the Major, Brenan, Jack and one Scott.

## **PORT ARTHUR**



## CHAPTER V

### PORT ARTHUR

THERE was a busy and an unwonted scene on the shores of Lake Superior on May 25th, 1870, when Colonel Wolseley and his expeditionary forces, detailed to put down the Riel rebellion, arrived at the spot. They had been carried by rail from Toronto to Collingwood, a distance of ninety-four miles, and thence had been conveyed by steamers across Lakes Huron and Superior, a further distance of five hundred and thirty-four miles. Immediately upon reaching there, the commanding officer, deploring the nameless condition of the spot, bestowed upon it the title of "Prince Arthur's Landing," in honor of one of the members of the Royal House then visiting in the Dominion. The first appearance of the surrounding country was not of a very cheering aspect. A forest fire had been raging for some days, and instead of luxuriant grasses and flowers, and foliaged trees, there was nothing but a mass of blackened sod and charred, and smouldering trunks, with the smoke filling all the air. The fire, though, had possessed this advantage: it had, for the

## A REBELLION

time, destroyed myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, which would otherwise have been attending to business; but most of the force did not realize this fact—at least, not then. The weather for the first ten days was delightful; the heat was tempered with a cool breeze from the lake, and the nights were cool enough to warrant a pipe and a chat around the camp fires, and the piling on of plenty of blankets. The halt at this point was necessary, because there was land transport to be made of fifty miles to Lake Shebandowan, and a difficult task it proved to make the necessary road. Bridging rivers and streams formed the least part of the trouble. Fires twice raged, consuming culverts, crib work retaining walls, and corduroy work. Heavy rains carried away bridges. For miles, in many instances, necessary material had to be carted, while in a number of places deep drains had to be established in swamps and peat masses, and a deep clay soil was encountered, which, after the slightest rain, stuck closer than a brother, and by its great power of suction even pulled the shoes from off the horses.

One after another the transport ships arrived, and horses, oxen, waggons and stores of



**THUNDER BAY**





## PORT ARTHUR

all kinds were speedily disembarked. A large wooden scow, drawing only eighteen inches of water when loaded, was the means used between the vessels and the shore.

Standing around and watching the proceedings were a number of Indians who had been engaged to pilot the boats. They were under the control of a weather-beaten-looking man of about forty years in appearance, and a whipcord in endurance—a man of keen face, evidently used to much open-air roughing it, and thoroughly familiar with the dangers and triumphs of Nature.

Of his origin the Indians themselves knew nothing, but they turned to him intuitively as their master in the running of a dangerous rapid, the best point to make a portage, or the most successful method of trapping the forest game. His voice was characterized by a slight drawl, and his comments were given in an interjectory manner. The twinkling eyes belied an otherwise solemn face, which seldom had the lines broken by even so much as a smile. Already he had made many friends by his quaint comments, and from the first he seemed to be part and parcel of an outfit which otherwise would have been incomplete without him.

## A REBELLION

"If I was commodore of this here fleet," said Pete to one of the Tommies nearby, "I should call that thar scow the 'Water Lily,' and the man who's a-runnin' of it the Admiral," and such they were both known to be from that time forward.

Steadily and well the men worked all day, some unloading the transports, and others, in the form of fatigue parties, meeting the "Water Lily" as she reached an improvised pier, and carefully stacking the stores in long rows under hospital marquees for protection from the weather.

The day's work done, and rations served, officers and men got around the camp fires for a soothing pull at the weed before turning in. At one of them sat the Chaplain, Mr. Allerton, now a good deal older, but still an erect and dominating figure, Captain Ainslie, and one or two others, and when Pete passed near them he was asked to sit down by the minister, who had already recognized an original character.

"What's your nationality, Pete?" asked the Chaplain.

"I ain't got none in partickler. You can call me a Star Spangled Bannerite, and let her go at that."

## PORT ARTHUR

"Here, Snooks," he exclaimed, "guess there's room enough round this fire for you to warm yourself, and the gents, I know, won't mind."

In response to the call, from somewhere in the background, there emerged a medium-sized dog with reddish paws, a reddish nose and a white chest, but for the most of him black. His keen eyes looked loyally up at his master, and the latter looked down at him with equal affection.

"Great chums, me and Snooks," he exclaimed.

"Er—what—er—breed do you call him?" queried Captain Ainslie.

"Ain't got none that I ever heard of. You see, he ain't no or'nary dog. Most dogs have to have a mother and father of the same breed, but he's a cosmopl'an, which is necessary for any dog going around with me. He don't have to depend on no long line of ancestors, or pedigree second-hand. He's a-starting a race of his own, that's what he is; he's a ancestor himself, and the first of his tribe—the simon-pure, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide original. And did it ever strike any of you that it's only with the brutes that this pedigree game is

## A REBELLION

played? Humans don't do it, and the Kings and Queens in those countries where they have 'em are the result of several crosses and internashunal mix-ups."

"Get any reading around here?" queried the Chaplain.

"Not much. There are some books at the Hudson Bay posts, but they're mostly trash. I got hold of one t'other day with some pomes that were simply gol-darn rot. There was one about a boy who stood on a burning deck, because he was waitin' for orders from his dad to leave. A boy who didn't know enuf to quit a burnin' deck without gettin' permission from his dad was bound from the first to come to some bad end, and he was better dead early in the game. Yours truly would have been a faded memory years ago if he'd had to wait for some one to tell him when the danger p'int had been reached and it was up to him to get out."

"The lesson," interposed the Chaplain, "was that of bravely sticking to orders."

"There ain't no bravery about making a fool of yourself. There's a time to let go and vamoose, and a man or boy who don't know enough fer that ain't got sufficient judgment

## PORT ARTHUR

to go foolin' round with hot spots. There was another pome about an Excelsior chap wandering 'round with a banner that didn't mean nothin' 'cept that his natural feelin's was towards making a show o' himself. He refused the invitation of that young girl to rest on her breast and be comfortable, with some one to look after him, which he needed, and instead he went a-meanderin' on, and all they found was his body. He didn't know enough to wrap that banner around him to keep out the cold. He and the burnin' deck boy were two of a kind. What's the use of being a dear remains before you have to? That's what I'd like to know."

"It's a wonder, Pete, that with your disposition you didn't become an army man," commented the Chaplain.

"Not for mine, sir. You don't get me walking into no organized danger. I'll take a chance with any one when I have to, but to be told to go right up to some place with certain death at the end of the job, and nothin' to show for it, wouldn't suit me. I knew a man once who said he'd seen more than one pocket Bible which a soldier wearing over his heart had been saved by, because of stopping a bul-

## A REBELLION

let. That man said if he ever had to go into action he'd wear a family Bible over his heart and a cyclopedia down his back; he also told me that he'd heard of a man who was just about to be killed when he made a Masonic sign, and t'other chap being also a Mason he spared him; said in any battle he got forced into he'd make Masonic signs right from the drop of the hat."

"Come, now, Pete," remarked the minister.

"Fact, sir! I don't hold with that man altogether, but I'll be darned if I'd ever fight on a man-of-war. You can't retreat from one of them vessels when it's needful to do the same, and if the blame ship gets sunk, why you all go down together, with perhaps a gun on your chest. No, siree, not for mine. I want to know there's a chance to back out when you've done your darndest, and there's nothin' doing but to save yourself for some other tussle some time later on."

"I agree largely with Pete," said Dr. Bowden, a Canadian doctor.

"My business is to save life, but once I took it under strange circumstances. After I graduated I put out my shingle in a small town in the northern portion of Ontario, Can-

## PORT ARTHUR

ada. I was the only doctor there, and the old man I bought out had also been coroner, and they gave me that job. One day I received a call from one of my women patients, of irreproachable character, stating that she wished to see me. I promised to call around during the course of the evening, and did so. The house, situated on the outskirts, was occupied by two families—that of the woman to whom I have made reference, and her sister and husband. I arrived there about nine o'clock, and the door was opened by my patient. She said that she was ready for a necessary examination, and invited me upstairs. I asked that her sister should be present, but she explained that she and her husband were absent, but would soon be back. Her husband was also absent. I was reluctant to act, under the circumstances, but the woman seemed to be in great distress, and I finally decided to go ahead with my appointed task. I made the necessary diagnosis, and had just completed it, when I heard a noise, and, looking up, saw the husband, a man of tremendous physique, and having a reputation for unreasoning jealousy, standing in the doorway.



## A REBELLION

“ ‘What are you doing here?’ he asked.

“ ‘Making a professional call,’ I replied.

“ ‘Nothing of the sort,’ was his answer. ‘I have heard of your kind before, and you can’t bluff me!’

“ ‘With that he whipped a revolver out of his pocket and said, ‘For this you’ll both have to die, she first and you next!’

“ ‘My first impulse was to hurl myself upon him, but in a moment it passed through my mind that I would be but a mere child in his hands, and that the lives of both the woman and myself would be sacrificed, for I saw by his demeanor that he had become a maniac, and would do what he threatened.

“ ‘Having to travel in lonely and desperate districts, I always carried a revolver with me at nights, and had one with me on this occasion. Quick as a flash I drew it from my pocket as he stood with deliberate determination pointing his weapon at the startled, up-raised figure on the bed. I was close to him, and before he had time to carry his threat into effect I fired. The bullet struck him in the head, and as he fell lifeless the revolver dropped from his hand. The woman was strangely calm and collected, and so was I.

## PORT ARTHUR

“ ‘You saved my life and your own!’ she exclaimed.

“ ‘You don’t blame me?’

“ ‘No. He has been acting strangely of late, and I feared something like this. He would have killed me if you had not been here.’

“ ‘Listen! Your sister and brother-in-law are both out, and I might meet them if I went out of the front door. How far is this back window from the grass plot?’

“ ‘Only a few feet.’

“ ‘I’ll drop from it, and when they come in you must tell them that your husband shot himself, and send your brother-in-law to me as the coroner.’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘I picked up the revolver of the dead man as it lay on the floor and put it in my pocket. Then I crawled through the window, and, hanging from the casement, dropped to the soft earth beneath. My horse was outside, and on it I made fast time to another patient about a quarter of a mile distant. As I went along my brain was busy with the tragedy just enacted, but not excitedly so.

“ ‘I pondered on whether it would not be

## A REBELLION

better to tell the entire story as it happened, but then the thought came that some would be inclined to disbelieve. Besides, I was a young man just starting in practice, and even with certain acquittal my future would be permanently marred. Then we were alone, and both our reputations were at stake.

“I did not regret my act; in fact, it had been one of absolute necessity for the lives of two of us, as against that of an insane man who would certainly have killed himself when he had finished with us. On all grounds, then, I determined that matters had better remain on the basis of self-destruction. I felt that the woman would be true to me, but then the further thought suggested itself that the suicide theory would mean a discharged chamber in the revolver I had picked up, and he had not had time to fire, for my shot counted first. I made my call; then on the way back, at a lonely spot, I fired one shot from the dead man’s weapon. Next I just as quickly made for my own house, where my housekeeper greeted me with the statement that the brother-in-law of the dead man was waiting in the office.

“ ‘There’s been a terrible happening at our house!’ he said.

## PORT ARTHUR

“ ‘Serious?’

“ ‘Yes, sir; while me and my wife were out, Jim shot himself!’

“ ‘That’s bad! How did it happen?’

“ ‘Well, his wife said she had fallen asleep and was awakened by hearing a shot. When she jumped up she saw Jim dead on the floor with a bullet wound in his head.’

“ ‘Did you find the revolver?’

“ ‘No, sir; I didn’t think of looking for it, but came straight to you.’

“ ‘Thank God for that!’ I thought.

“ ‘I said, ‘See here, I’ll go straight to the house, and you go and fetch the town constable. He must be notified.’

“ ‘All right, sir!’ and with that he went on his mission.

“ ‘I jumped on my horse once more, and was soon back at the house. There I found the two women in the bedroom with the body just where it had fallen. A reaction was apparent in the case of the wife, and after taking her pulse I sent her sister to the well for some water. While she was gone I placed his revolver, with one chamber discharged, alongside the body, just as if it had fallen there in his death agony. The widow was too over-

## A REBELLION

come to notice what I did, but she gave me a look of reassurance. Presently the town constable came in.

“ ‘Sad case, this,’ I remarked.

“ ‘It is, indeed, sir!’

“ ‘You will notice that the powder mark of the shot on the forehead shows that it was made at close range.’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘His revolver, you see, is close at hand on the floor, where it fell after he committed the rash act. You had better examine it.’

“ ‘He picked it up, and opened it. There, sure enough, was the single discharged cartridge—the one I had fired.

“ ‘A clear case of suicide, sir.’

“ ‘Yes; no doubt about it.’

“ ‘Will there be any inquest, sir?’

“ ‘No; I don’t think one is necessary,’ and that was the end of the matter.”

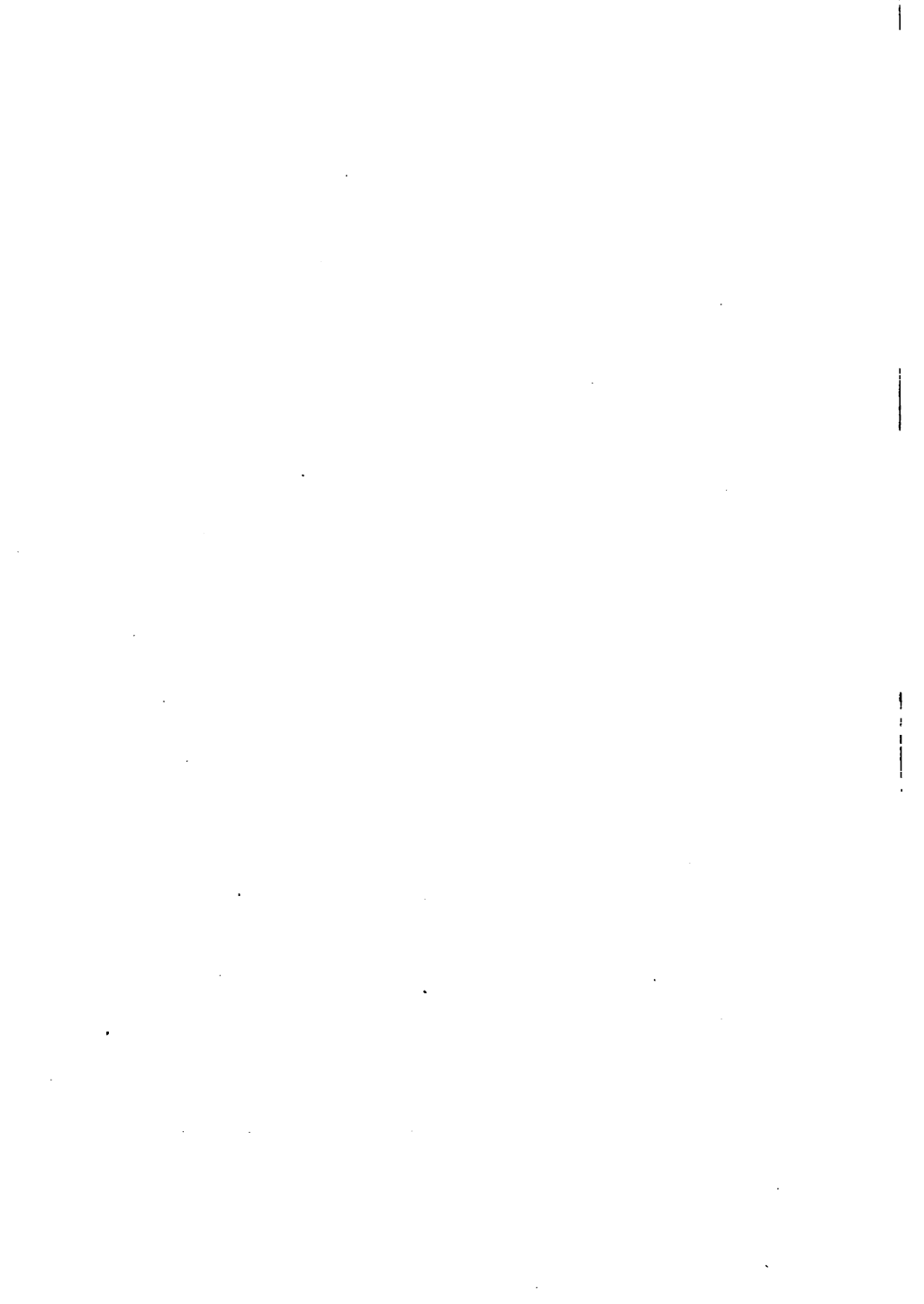
There was a pause as the doctor finished.

“ ‘I think, under the circumstances, you did quite right,” said the Captain.

“ ‘Sure thing!’ commented Pete. “ ‘If you’d been like that burnin’ deck boy, or that ‘Celsior chap, there’d been three on you dead,



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE



## PORT ARTHUR

instead of one, who was a darned sight better that way."

"Talk about experiences," said Miffins, a newspaper correspondent, who had joined the group, "but I've had a few myself.

"When I came out to Canada, I was caught young, had an accent you could cut with a knife if you were an expert carver, and was like that character in Dickens who 'wanted to know, you know.'

"Well, my first assignment I secured on a paper in a small town not far from an Indian Reserve. The office had a small engine and a big press, and sometimes the engine ran the press, and sometimes the press got a grip on the engine and pretty nearly stopped it.

"Catch-as-catch-can wrestle from first to last, with some of us at the fly-wheel once in a while to help out.

"Opposite that office there was a small hotel, and attached to said hostelry a man-of-all-work, who speedily had me sized up, but I didn't know then. Did later.

"Well, the boss sent me to a village not far from the Reserve to collect some accounts for the Weekly, and I put up at a small inn there. I noticed a man-of-all-work eyeing me; he



## A REBELLION

was the gent from town, who had transferred from the hotel opposite the paper to the country hostelry, but I didn't know him.

"When I got in for supper this man, talking to another man in the general room in front of the bar, said as I entered:

" 'Not a word, mind, to any one; it's too sad to tell.'

"My new-born fourth estate ear was at once on the alert. I smelt a good item, and was determined to get it.

" 'Something sad been happening about here?' I said, approaching him.

" 'You bet!'

" 'Would you mind giving me the details?'

" 'Ain't got the heart to do it. Can't bear to think of the same.'

"I saw that he was an entrenchment of some incident and would have to be stormed by wary methods.

" 'Ever take anything?' said I.

" 'You're on!' said he, and a good stiff snifter was his latest inside information.

"Still he refused to part with what he knew.

" 'Have another?' said I.

" 'You bet!' said he, and that was backed up by a cigar—everything, of course, at my

## PORT ARTHUR

expense, and in those days my pocketbook didn't exhibit any symptoms of an apoplectic nature.

“ ‘It was this way,’ he commenced. ‘Last night there was a swell dance on the Reserve—orchestra, flowers, big spread, and all the fixin’s. Well, right in the middle of it a beautiful young Indian girl swooned. Her pardner carried her to a sofar,’—(there wasn’t one then in that whole region)—‘and a doctor present rushed forra’d. But she was a goner.’

“ ‘What was the cause?’

“ ‘Tight lacing.’

“ ‘How was a young cub to know that such a thing as a corset didn’t then exist on the Reservation?’

“ ‘And her name?’

“ ‘Miss Highflyer.’

“ ‘Isn’t that rather a peculiar name?’

“ ‘God bless you, no! Why, the Reserve is full of ’em.’

“ ‘And her partner?’

“ ‘For that he gave me the name of a highly respectable young farmer who was shortly to be married.

“ ‘I hadn’t taken any notes, of course, so as

## A REBELLION

to fool him. Next issue there was a long account of the tragedy, names and all.

“That paper hadn’t been out twenty-four hours when I heard a noise down in the lower office like the entrance of a threshing machine, and the voice of the boss exclaiming, ‘I tell you I don’t know anything about it! You’ll find the young man who wrote that in the first room upstairs.’

“Up he came, three steps at a time, and my doorway was speedily blocked with as fine a looking specimen of a young Canadian as you’d want to see. He could have knocked me across the room with just about his little finger. He was the gentleman whose name had been given as the dancing partner. I was too scared to get out of my chair, and he was too much of a man to open operations while I was still sitting, so I pointed him to a seat, and went on writing to give him time to cool off. What I wrote the Lord only knows, for I don’t; but he calmed down, and after explanations we shook hands, for he was a decent fellow of the right sort. You can wager that anything which reached me from that neighborhood from that time on had to have the name blown in the bottle.”

**SUNDAY ADDRESS BY THE  
CHAPLAIN**



## CHAPTER VI

### SUNDAY ADDRESS BY THE CHAPLAIN

“Comrades, I am not going to preach to you from any particular text this morning, neither will my remarks be lengthy, for I have always held and deeply felt that the simple Gospel message is one which, of all things, in its beauty, its simplicity, and its power, does not need any elaboration.

“My purpose is to give you a plain talk rather than a sermon—to perhaps remove from the paths of some of you stumbling blocks which in reality have no more to do with the attainment of the grand plan of salvation than the stumbling blocks you have already encountered will prevent you from reaching Fort Garry.

“In the first place, I am going to freely admit—what most ministers freely admit to themselves, even if they dare not do so in their pulpits—that there are incidents and circumstances in the Bible which do not need to be taken literally, and should not be taken literally. For instance, we read in the second chapter of Genesis:

“‘And the rib which the Lord God had

## A REBELLION

taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man.'

" 'And Adam said, This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.'

" 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.'

"Some one will at once say, and will have the right to say, 'On this plan of creation, what did Adam know of either a father or a mother?'

"That, comrades, is a quibble which merely shows the trivial fact that the translation of the Old Testament was done by men accustomed to descent by father and mother. In itself it is an absolutely unimportant criticism.

"Again: Let us take the story of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego. We read that these three men, devout servants of the Lord, had been set over the affairs of the province of Babylon. King Nebuchadnezzar made a huge image of gold, which he set up in the plain of Dura, and he ordered that upon the sounding of certain musical instruments all the people were to fall down and worship that image, or

## SUNDAY ADDRESS BY THE CHAPLAIN

else be cast into a fiery furnace. All did so with the exception of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, and the King became exceedingly wroth, and he ordered the furnace to be made seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. The three men were bound in their garments and were thrown into that furnace. Then Nebuchadnezzar, who had drawn near to the mouth of the furnace, was astonished, for he saw four men walking within the furnace, and we are told that the form of the fourth was like the Son of God, not then, be it remembered, made manifest. Finally the three men emerged from the furnace, and their hair was not even singed, neither was there even the smell of fire upon them.

“That seems to be a difficult incident to believe, to those who know what will happen to them even if they put one finger in an ordinary fire. I do not think that it is necessary to believe it, or that the story is intended to be believed in its literal sense. My view is that the furnace in this instance was made up of the fires which surrounded these three men—of unbelief, criticism, temptation, disparagement, and so on, and that the Son of God walked with them, as He will walk with



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any one of us who passes through the furnace of sin, in like manner.

“Daniel is another illustration of what I am trying to emphasize. He was cast into a den of lions, and also escaped unhurt, although these same lions afterwards devoured his traducers, their wives and their children. Here again I take it that these lions typify the same sort of temptation as is indicated by the furnace, and that Daniel escaped them because of his successful resistance, whereas those who did not resist were mentally maimed and mauled, as men and women are at the present day.

“Now, comrades, I have not made these references—and I could make many others—with the idea of weakening your faith, but of strengthening it. There is much, very much, which is allegorical in the Bible, which should not be insisted upon to the letter. Moreover, such an insistence and acceptance is not in any sense necessary to salvation.

“Another stumbling block which I have encountered during many years of priesthood is the feeling of some that it is impossible that our bodies can rise again. ‘Earth to earth,’ they say, ‘means literally earth to

## SUNDAY ADDRESS BY THE CHAPLAIN

earth; how, then, can the component parts of the dead, which become absorbed, and dissolved again, be re-assembled?’

“The most beautiful chapter in the Bible on this subject is to be found in the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. Let me read:

“‘So also is the resurrection of the body. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.

“‘It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

“‘It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.’

“Here, then, we have the testimony of St. Paul, that the resurrection body will not be the natural, but the spiritual.

“Now, then, comrades, without seeking to swallow non-essentials, which you feel you cannot do, just keep before you the central fact of a loving God, of a Saviour who came to this earth to take our sins upon Himself and to ensure for us everlasting life, and remember the words of that Saviour, to ‘Love your neighbor as yourself.’ Even apart altogether from the moral aspect of the case, it pays to

## A REBELLION

be square and honest. Suppose you are walking down street with a companion in some strange place, and he says to you, 'See that man? He's as clever as they're made, but he's tricky.' And suppose a little later on your companion says, 'See that other man? He is not as clever as the first one I pointed out, but I tell you what, he's square.' Which reputation would you — would any man — rather have? In the same way with friendliness. Let me give you a homely illustration: Take the case of a dog. He can't speak; he can only wag his tail and show the symptoms of delight and comradeship, and yet how attached the average individual becomes to a dog. Why? Simply because of these manifestations of pleasure. Try kind attentions towards your fellow-beings, and see how quick and generous the response will be.

"Above all, remember that a religious life is not an effeminate life, but the very reverse. Its prime essentials consist of manliness, cheeriness, helpfulness, loving service and right living. God bless and help you all, comrades."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am glad," said Dr. Bowden to the Chap-

## "SUNDAY ADDRESS BY THE CHAPLAIN

lain, after the service, "that you made those two references to the furnace and the lions' den. I remember how as a boy that I felt great incredulity regarding the incidents, and have until now."

"I have seen so many people," replied the Chaplain, "driven away from the salient truths of religion because of pulpit insistence upon the letter instead of the spirit of the Bible, that I deeply realize the mistake that is thus made. In the same manner, I do not like the picture too often drawn of a revengeful God."

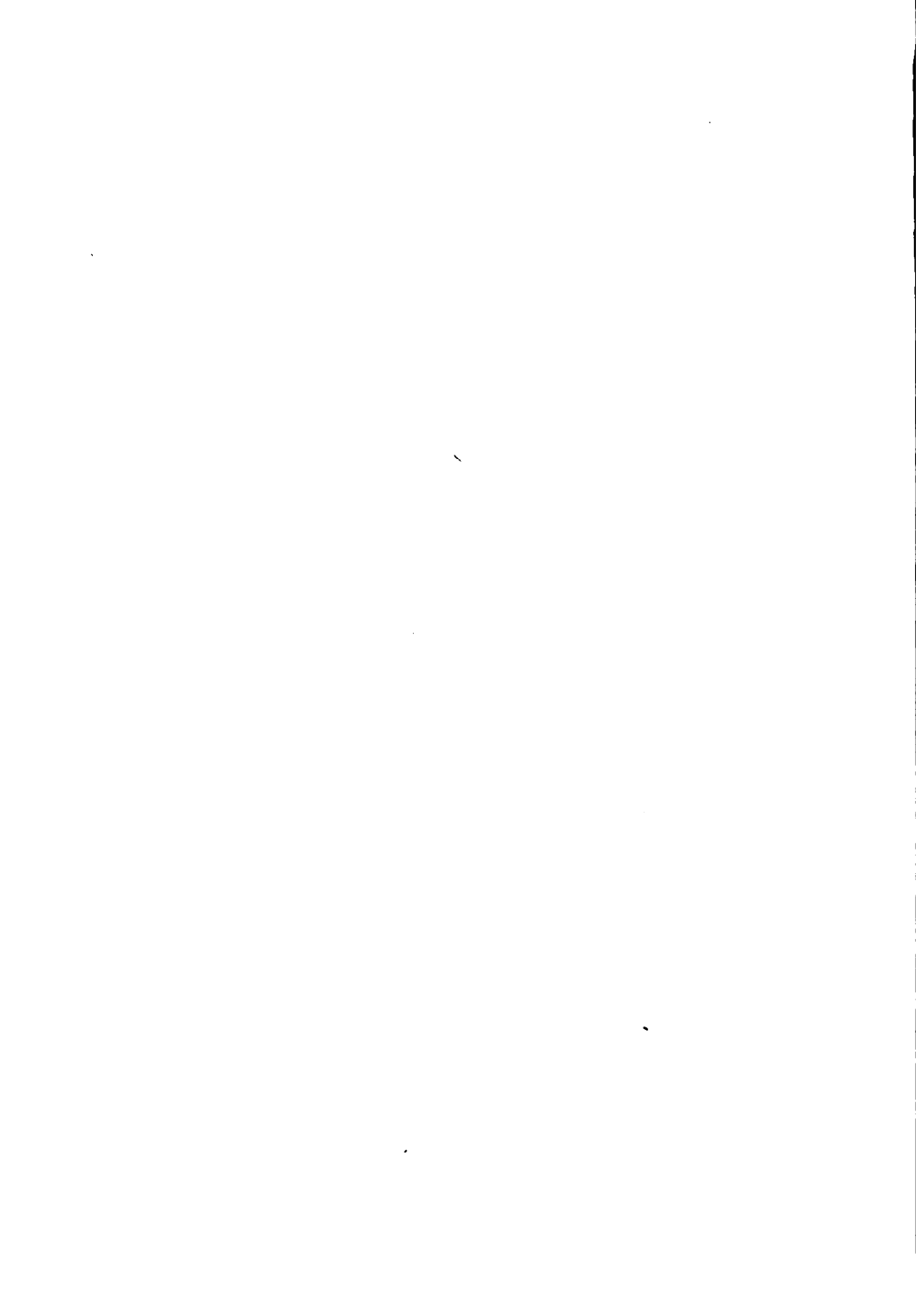
"I am with you there, also," responded Dr. Ainslie. The other day I heard a story in which a young girl who had never heard of God was, when about eighteen years old, first told of His existence by a minister who became located in the hitherto unblessed neighborhood in which she lived. One day, in an ungovernable passion, she stamped her foot, and said to the minister, 'I hate your God!' He replied that for that remark God would chasten her, and next day she met with an accident and was so injured as to be bed-ridden for life. Then the minister came along and told her that, as he predicted, God had

brought her to Himself. What do you think of that?"

"Terrible!" said the Chaplain. "Neither you nor any other man would cripple a child who didn't know you, to make it know and love you, and a loving Father certainly would not."

"Speaking of them 'gorical incidents you were telling us of, sir," ruminated Pete; "I knew a feller once who said he'd heard of other men making worse excuses than Jonah for being away three days and three nights."

**HISTORICAL**



## CHAPTER VII

### HISTORICAL

BOULTON, Brennan and Pete, with their companions, when they arrived at the Fort, were hustled into the Hudson Bay building in which the other prisoners were located. The whole lot were confined in the upper storey, while Riel and his associates had the apartments below. The lodging-place of the prisoners consisted of a number of small rooms grouped around a centre landing, and in these the captives were housed, with armed guards to watch them day and night. Although it was the dead of winter, with the mercury ranging twenty and thirty degrees below zero, there was but one stove in the centre of the building to warm the entire place.

With the advent of the others the little rooms were so crowded that one portion had to take it in turn to stand up while the others lay down to rest. The ventilation was fearful—in fact, there was none. Riel had caused many of the crevices between the logs to be stopped up, so as to prevent the occupants from seeing what was transpiring outside, and, in fact, the atmosphere became so terribly polluted that it



## A REBELLION

was found necessary to break some of the windows. This measure, while it attained the desired result, also allowed the bitterly cold air to come sweeping in, thus rendering the condition of those incarcerated still more miserable. The food was of the poorest, and none of the captives were permitted the slightest exercise.

"Pretty swell diggings, these," remarked Jack to Brennan, as they entered.

Brennan vouchsafed no reply.

"Seems to me," resumed the irrepressible Jack, "that it's not likely we will be puzzled over any French names when the menu is handed round."

Just then two guards walked up to an old settler by the name of Hallett, and seized him by both arms.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"You get in the guard-room to warm yourself by the stove. Monsieur Riel orders irons for you and also solitary confinement in separate room."

This was done, and the treatment had such an effect on the unfortunate that he later lost his reason.

Scarcely had the captives been lodged when

## HISTORICAL

the rumor went around that Riel had ordered Major Boulton to be shot at midnight. The story was at first laughed at, but later proved to be only too true.

Rev. Mr. Maclean, afterwards Bishop of Saskatchewan, and Mr. D. A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, waited on Riel to plead for Boulton's life. Riel was at first obdurate, but finally, after the most earnest entreaty, stated that he would give him a respite on condition that the pleaders took a canvass of the neighboring settlers urging them to send representatives to his (Riel's) assembly. The condition was a humiliating one, but there was no alternative. The life of a fellow-being hung in the balance, and Messrs. Maclean and Smith accepted the condition named.

Among the prisoners was a tall, strapping young Irishman, of twenty-two years of age, and he and Brenan and Jack soon got their heads together for the purpose of an escape, in order to stir up the formation of another armed force for a rescue. First of all it was decided in the common cause to sacrifice a buffalo robe, which could be ill spared. This was cut into shreds and a rope plaited. By some means a gimlet was obtained and driven

## A REBELLION

hard into the window fastening, and down this rope the three slid to liberty. They speedily got busy in arousing another armed force, which reached Kildonan, a few miles from Fort Garry.

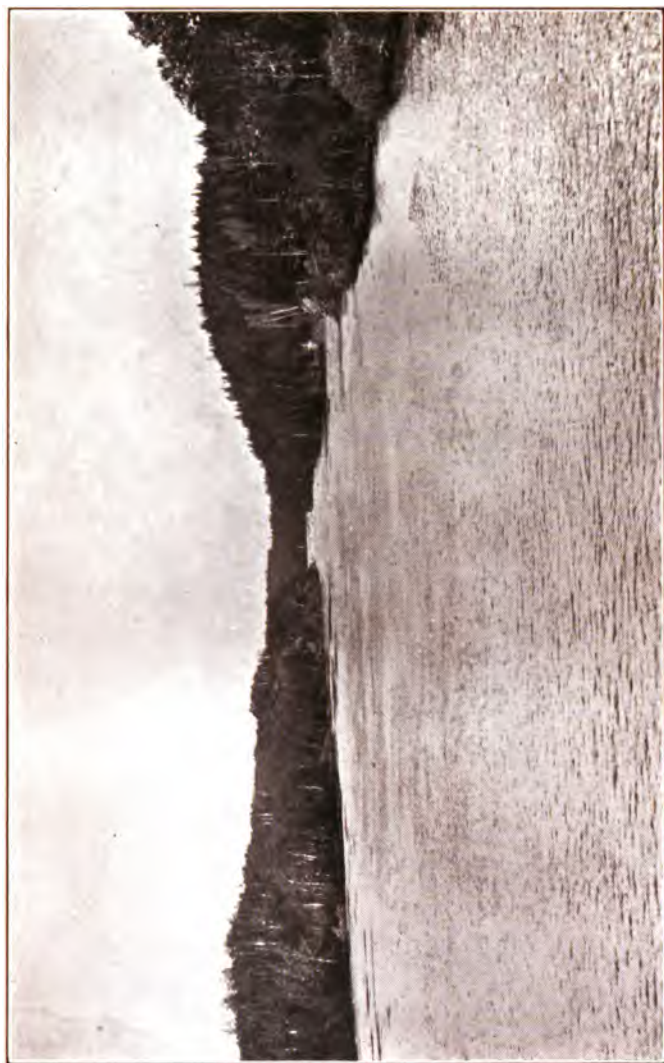
Riel, under a flag of truce, sent out to treat with them, finally agreeing that if they would lay down their arms and return to their homes he would liberate all the prisoners. This they promised, and packing their arms in one of the sleighs, they turned quietly homewards. They had not gone far, however, when Riel despatched a number of his guards, fully armed, after them, under the direction of his two lieutenants, Lepine and O'Donohue.

Forty-eight settlers, including Scott, were thus treacherously captured, taken to the Fort and imprisoned, and all their effects confiscated.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fine weather which at first existed when the expeditionary force arrived at the head of the lake gave way to heavy rains and violent thunderstorms, and the latter fully justified the "Thunder Bay" appellation.

The road construction to Lake Shebandowan proved to be a weary piece of business,



**BETWEEN THE LAKES**



## HISTORICAL

and it was very many days before the boats and guns and supplies could be thus taken across the intervening distance.

In the establishment of the camps which it was necessary to locate from point to point en route, Pete proved himself to be invaluable. On one occasion at a camp on the Mat-tawan River he demonstrated his skill as a woodsman. A tall pine was leaning over the Colonel's tent in a dangerous manner, threatening with the first heavy wind to fall and crush the occupant. Near by there was the mess table, and the problem was to make the tree fall in such a way as not to hit either. Pete was asked if he could perform the job.

"Sure thing!" he replied.

Taking hold of an axe, he cut a wedge with mathematical nicety, and just as the tree commenced to topple he gave a couple of swift blows with the back of the axe on one side of the trunk, and it fell between and clear of both tent and table. A couple of feet either way and it would have fallen on one or the other.

Taking a stroll together that evening, the Chaplain congratulated Pete on the skill he had exhibited.

## A REBELLION

" 'Twan't nuthin' at all, sir," he modestly answered. "Men who don't understand tree-felling go hacking at 'em all round. The right dodge is to make a clean-cut wedge on the side you want 'em to fall, and the rest's easy."

While the two were pushing their way through some brush they came across a small clearing, evidently used by some Indians in former days for a burying ground. One of the graves was manifestly that of a child, and alongside of it there was a roughly-hewn and weather-beaten little paddle and canoe, evidently placed there by some fond mother, who thought the little one would be pleased to have them in the happy hunting grounds.

Both men stopped, and both by a common impulse bared their heads.

"There's nothing like mother love," said the minister, "and the only complete woman is a mother."

Pete stood for a few seconds, and then remarked:

"It brings it all back to me."

The Chaplain retained a respectful silence.

"She was all to me—all I had," said Pete in a ruminating tone. "I met her when I

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was a young man doin' the cookin' for a lumber camp. She warn't much to look at, mebbe, but she was a hull lot to me."

"We got spliced," he remarked, after a pause, "and we was happy, kind o' chums like. By-and-by the baby came. There warn't no doctor and no other womin 'round, and—and—both died, she holdin' my hand as if she hated to let go."

Pete drew the back of a hairy hand across his eyes.

"It broke me up," he continued; "I hadn't the heart to stay on, and I've led a wanderin' life ever since. All I've got is this," and he pulled out an old wallet, in which was a strand of hair, which he passed caressingly through his fingers.

"I had no idea of such a sorrow in your life," said the Chaplain, as he extended his hand, and the two clasped by the side of the little grave.

As the pair walked back the Chaplain sought to divert Pete's thoughts by questioning him regarding his experiences among the Indians, and Pete had much of interest to relate. For one thing, he explained that the



## A REBELLION

title of Chief did not descend through the father, but the mother.

"Why is that?" queried the minister.

"Well," responded Pete, "they always knew who the mother was."

"Matters loose in that regard?" asked the Chaplain.

"Well, sir, you can hardly put it that way. The main idea was to keep up the tribe. In the old days they was always fightin,' and children was necessary to keep a tribe from dying out. The deep disgrace of the woman was not to help in that way. Something like the duty placed on them old patriarchs who was told to be fruitful and multiply, although the Flood came along and destroyed what they done."

The word "Canada," he said, he figured had come from the Mohawk word "Kanadagagh," meaning in effect a collection of wigwams.

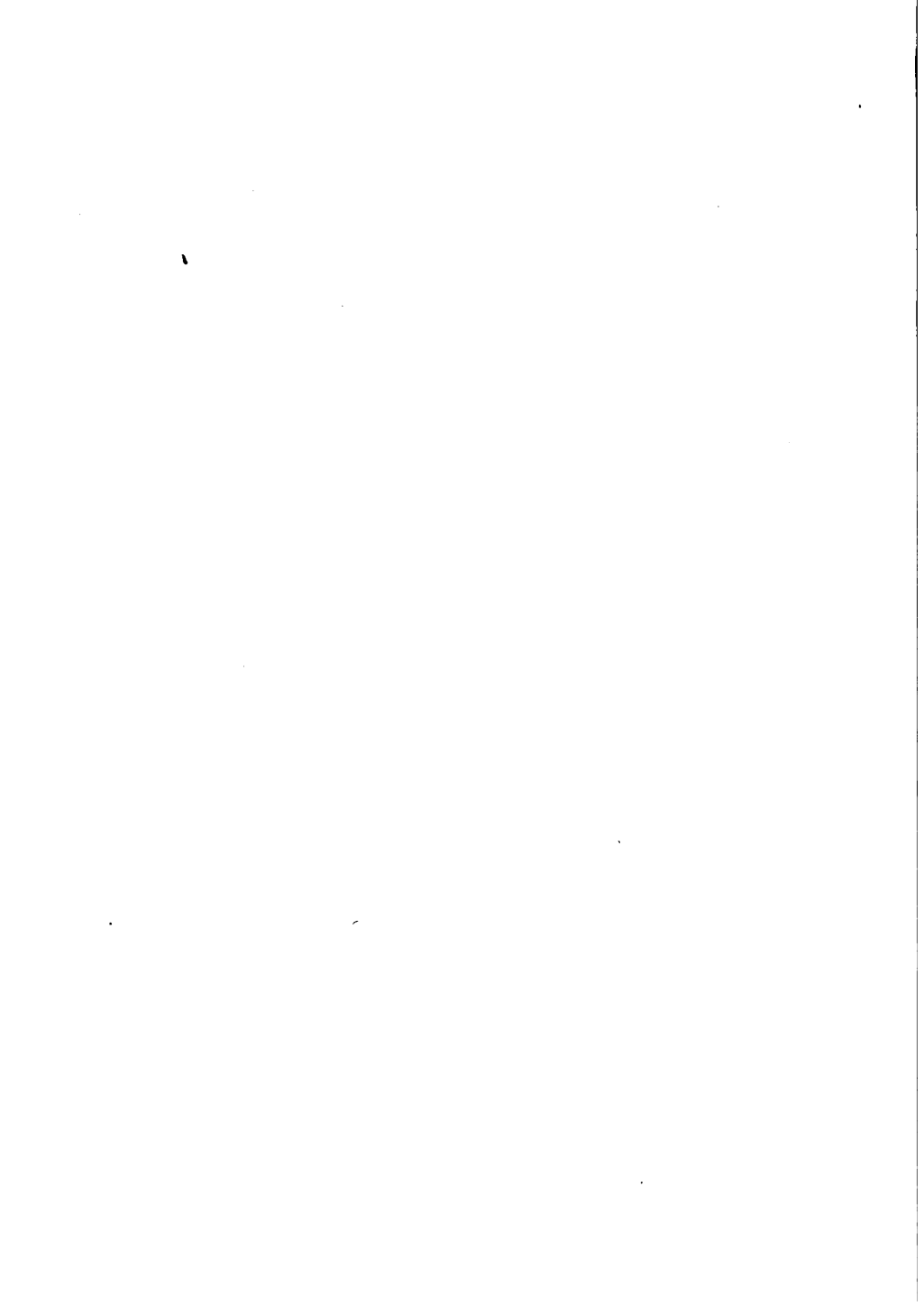
Of some of the devilish cruelties they used to practice on captured enemies he also told, and expressed surprise that they should have danced and laughed around their victims at the stake.

"I think," returned the minister, "it was an unchecked manifestation of the instinct

## HISTORICAL

which makes civilized men and women even of to-day laugh when they see some one slip on a peel, or something of that kind. They know the victim is hurt, but it arouses their merriment, nevertheless. One of the most mild-mannered men I ever knew, a man who ordinarily would not kill a beetle, when I was walking one day with him, picked up a branch blown from a tree, and flourishing it, remarked, 'Couldn't a fellow hit another man a clout with that?' Part of the primeval instinct, I suppose, when every one's hand was against every one else."

"If habits get handed down," said Pete, "my word, what a lot some ancestors will have to answer for the last day!"



**CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A  
CONFIDENCE**



## CHAPTER VIII

### CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A CONFIDENCE

BEFORE the British troops left Prince Arthur's Landing the following proclamation was issued:

#### TO THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF MANITOBA:

Her Majesty's Government having determined upon stationing some troops amongst you, I have been entrusted by the Lieutenant-General Commanding in British North America to proceed to Fort Garry with the troops under my command.

Our mission is one of peace, and the sole object of the expedition is to secure Her Majesty's sovereign authority.

Courts of Law, such as are common to every part of Her Majesty's Empire, will be duly established, and justice will be impartially administered to all races and all classes, the loyal Indians and half-breeds being as dear to our Queen as any other of her loyal subjects.

The force which I have the honor of commanding will enter your Province, representing no party, either in religion or politics, and will afford equal protection to the lives and properties of all races and all creeds.

The strictest order and discipline will be maintained, and private property will be carefully protected.

All supplies furnished by the inhabitants to the troops will be duly paid for.

Should any one consider himself injured by any individual attached to the force, his grievance will be promptly enquired into.

All loyal people are earnestly invited to aid me in carrying out the above-mentioned objects.

## A REBELLION

"I'm willing to allow," commented Pete, when he read the above, "that you can't teach your old Johnny Bull anything when it comes to this kind of a game."

Pete had been hard at work all day helping with road construction, and as he spoke he put down his tin cup under the rude table at which he and others were eating salt pork and biscuits, and scooped up a fill of water, for the Manitoba River had overflowed its banks at that particular point, and it was a foot deep in the open-air dining-room.

Pete was in his element. He was just like an overgrown boy when it came to paddling or puddling, and he was always first to jump out of a boat or canoe when it became necessary. One day he thus got in up to the neck, and a Tommy, to get a rise out of him, when he clambered into the boat again, asked for a light.

"Sure thing!" replied Pete; and taking off a sort of medley nightcap which he wore, he pulled out from the far end of it a pipe, tobacco and matches.

"That there is one tobacconist shop," he commented, "which doesn't need no Indian sign to tell me whar it is."

## CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A CONFIDENCE

Officers and men had worked like Trojans throughout the day, and, dead tired at night, were glad of a rest and a smoke around a camp fire—that is, such rest as the flies would allow. The black flies were on hand to draw blood at every bite, the mosquitoes were at it night and day, the sand flies got through veils and nettings, and the deer fly was present with his nippers, taking a souvenir chunk every time.

Sitting right in the smoke of a camp fire was the only thing which afforded any relief.

“Speakin’ of skeeters,” said Pete. “I knew a feller once who said he had been in places where they were so big and so bold that at night they’d unbutton your things in order to get at you better.”

“I’m a little inclined to think that ‘feller’ of yours happens to be one Pete,” laughed the Chaplain.

“It’s a mighty good thing we haven’t any women with this outfit,” said Dr. Bowden, “although the fair sex can stand hardship and pain often better than men.”

“I don’t agree with you there,” commented the Chaplain.



## A REBELLION

"Surely you do, with reference to pain," replied the Doctor.

"No; that less than the other, although I know it is a popular belief. As I understand the matter, all pain is telegraphed to the brain by the nerves. The man admittedly having the stronger brain battery, it stands to reason that a pain in his case becomes recorded more intensely than an exactly similar pain would be in the case of a woman, just as a stronger battery gives a greater shock than a weaker one."

"On that basis," said the Doctor, "we should lessen vitality in order to lessen suffering?"

"I think you would get that result," returned the minister, "but then also you would lessen the powers of resistance, and that you couldn't afford to do. But I must apologize, for I'm really only theorizing. I think, though, if you disciples of Æsculapius would call things by English names, some of us laymen might understand matters a little more plainly. For instance, when a man breaks a leg, shouldn't he be told that, instead of being informed that he has fractured a tibi<sup>us</sup> or a femur? Why, if he breaks the

## CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A CONFIDENCE

upper part of his arm, is it necessary to say that he has fractured the humerus? Or of the lower part of the arm, that he has fractured the radius or the ulna?"

"'Beggin' your pardon, gentlemen," said Pete, "but speakin' of them high-falutin' names which is away beyond me brings to mind the time when me and a mate o' mine went to New York—only time I ever was thar'. We'd struck it a bit rich, and decided on a blow-out, and to do the same in bang-up style. Wal', we went to a hotel, and first thing we knew we were being walked down a long dining-room, with me knees a-bendin' backwards all the way, first time they'd ever done it with me then or since. Next thing I knew they shoved a ticket under my nose, and after me and my chum had looked at it for a while I beckons to a fellow near by who 'long with his mates had had his coat cut away clear in front in order to save cloth, or else to show that he'd a clean shirt on, and I sez, 'Look a-here, me and my friend ain't a-lookin' for any frog legs or any other French game; we want a plain English meal.'

"'That's an English meal,' sez he.

## A REBELLION

“ ‘Bean soup’s what we want as a starter,’ sez I.

“ ‘It’s thar,’ sez he, pointin’ to a name which didn’t mean no more to me than a hire-glyphic on a Egyptian tombstone.

“ ‘Beef’s next,’ sez I.

“ ‘Thar’ it is,’ sez he, pointin’ to a word that weren’t no more like beef than I’m like a ballet dancer, some of which we seen later.

“Now, gentlemen, I ain’t much of a scholar, but if I had a kid and he spelled ‘soup’ the way it was spelled on that thar’ card, he’d get a lambasting right off.

“ ‘Potatoes?’ sez I; ‘whar do you see em?’ thinkin’ I’d got him for sure, but he put his finger on a thing of three words, a pore de something, and I says to my friend, ‘This ain’t no place for us,’ and we went out and struck a down-street eating-house where there weren’t no cards, and we asked for what we wanted, and shoved it in with our knives, comfortable-like. What I want to know is, why shouldn’t English be good enough for a man to eat with, if it’s good enough to talk with?’”

“Do you know anything, Pete, about the Indian medicine men?” queried the Chaplain.

## CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A CONFIDENCE

"Some," responded that worthy. "I guess they don't know nothin' about those names you were a-mentionin' of, sir, and when it comes to swearin' them in, so to speak, they kill white dogs and eat 'em. They're up to the uses of some of the wild roots and plants, but that's about all; some of 'em I know to be good, because for a strain the inner bark of a red willow, which they boil, will give relief pretty nearly right away. Things like that is just about as far as they can go."

The time having come to turn in, Rev. Mr. Allerton and Captain Ainslie went to the one tent, which they occupied together.

"Ainslie," said the Chaplain, "I've been wanting to speak to you often since we have chummed on this trip. I can't help feeling, my dear fellow, that you are suffering under some great disappointment. I don't, of course, wish to pry into anything of a private nature, but a sorrow half shared is often that much better borne, and if I can be of any assistance to you, rest assured you may rely upon me."

The Captain looked at the minister with a grateful expression.

"I value your friendship deeply," he said, and then proceeded to tell the Chaplain of the

## A REBELLION

hope which he had entertained before starting on the expedition, of winning Dulcie Daunton for his wife, of her seeming acquiescence when he spoke to her in the afternoon, and of her altered and altogether unexpected attitude when he called for his answer in the evening.

"Did you say that her uncle's name was John Daunton?" queried the Chaplain.

"Yes; she calls him 'Daddy,' but he is really her uncle."

"And that her name is Dulcie?"

"Yes."

"Then they are the same!" exclaimed the minister.

The Captain looked at him in a questioning way, while the Chaplain pondered as to whether he should or should not tell Ainslie the sad story which lay at the back of these two. John Daunton, he knew, had determined to shield the child from that knowledge, but it was evident from Ainslie's story that he must have told her at last, and that this accounted for the expectant lover of the afternoon becoming transformed into the rejected suitor at night. To him the sacrifice seemed to be too great, and he resolved to tell all.

## CHAPLAIN BETRAYS A CONFIDENCE

Why should two young lives be sacrificed for the sake of one false step—a step taken by the mother, at least, under innocent and trusting circumstances.

“Did you know them?” finally queried Captain Ainslie, after a somewhat lengthy silence.

The minister awoke with a start from his reverie.

“Yes,” he made slow answer, “and, Ainslie, I have seen enough of you and know enough of you to realize that you will take what I am going to tell you as a man should.”

In brief but respectful terms he then related to the Captain the sad circumstances of the birth of the girl of his affections. At the conclusion he added:

“John Daunton carried out to the letter his plan of a complete disappearance. He did not tell me even of his proposed location, nor did I seek to find it, for I respected the man in his deep sorrow and grand resolve, and realized that it was better for such a character to fight matters out alone. Your disclosure of to-night is the first intimation I have received, and I will respect that, just as I know you will respect what I have told you. I have no doubt, Ainslie, that John Daunton, with his rigid

## A REBELLION

and high-minded sense of honor, told Dulcie her sad life-story when he learned of your advances, and that together they decided upon the course which to you seemed so inexplicable."

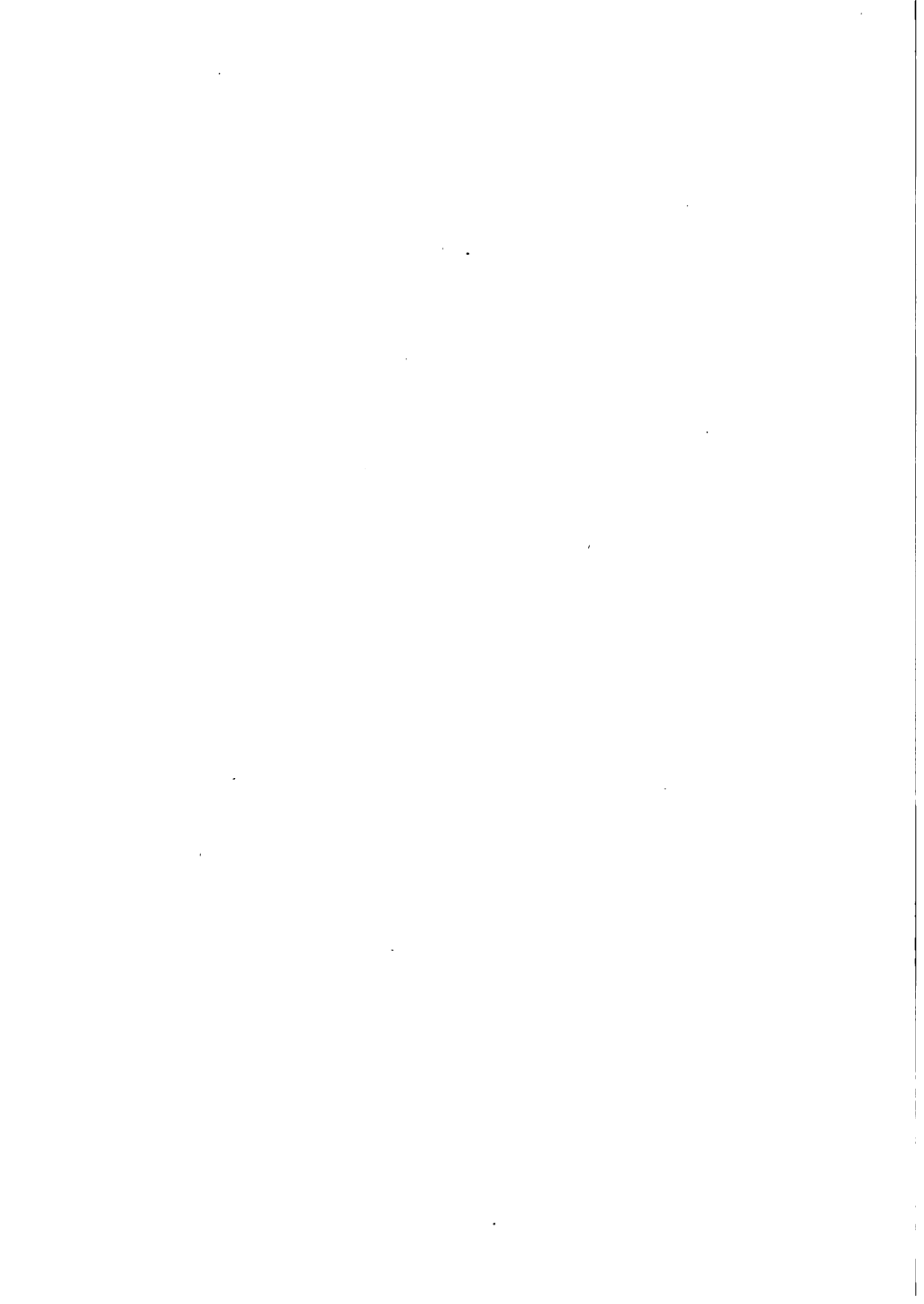
The Captain's face was radiant.

"My brave girl, my Dulcie!" he exclaimed. "Do you think, my boy, that I will thus lightly let her go for such a cause? Thank you, Chaplain, thank you; you have taken a load off my heart, and Dulcie is now more to me than ever, if that could possibly be!"

"Well said, my lad!" heartily responded the minister. "I may in a sense have betrayed a confidence, but I am more than glad that I have done so."

## **MURDER OF SCOTT**





## CHAPTER IX

### MURDER OF SCOTT

RIEL was mad with rage when the escaped prisoners were returned to Fort Garry, and he paced up and down and used many expletives in French with reference to the fact that his supreme authority must and should be recognized. He in particular seemed to regard Scott, Brennan and Jack as ringleaders, and especially the first-named. He was loaded with chains and placed in a separate room, and on March 3rd a court-martial was held with regard to him. The charge which Riel brought was that he had struck his guards and denied his authority. At this wretched farce of a trial the language spoken throughout was French; Scott was not even permitted to be present, and he was only brought in at the close to receive sentence of death.

"I object to these proceedings," said the unfortunate man, in a firm voice, "first, on the ground that they have been conducted in a tongue I do not understand; secondly, that there has been no proof offered with regard to any alleged charges; and thirdly, that as a

## A REBELLION

British subject in a British land I deny alien rule."

Riel was on his feet in an instant with the remark:

"It makes no difference, not the slightest. You are a bad man, and have to die."

Rev. Mr. Young, a minister who remained in Fort Garry throughout the trouble, at once waited on Riel and earnestly interceded for a reversal of the decision.

"No!" replied Riel. "I hear that the people in the older provinces look upon this uprising as a tempest in a teapot. I show them otherwise. Scott, he will be shot, and I will take care to have the trench dug deep enough to hold four or five others if they not more careful are."

In despair Rev. Mr. Young sought the aid of others outside the Fort, but they did not consider that there was any danger, pointing out that it had been part of Riel's plan to spread rumors that he had cut certain prisoners' throats, or otherwise murdered them.

Thus the preparations went on, and on March 4th, at half-past twelve, a squad of Riel's men went to the room in which Scott was confined. Brave man that he was, he made not the slight-

## MURDER OF SCOTT

est appeal to his persecutors, and as they were getting him ready for execution, looked upon them with ill-concealed contempt. With a cheery "Good-bye, Brenan! Good-bye, Jack!" he stepped dauntlessly forward to meet his terrible death. With him there walked Rev. Mr. Young, who breathed words of consolation and comfort. To him Scott exclaimed: "This is horrible! This is cold-blooded murder! Be sure you make a true statement!"

When a few paces outside the Fort, a yawning grave was seen to have been dug, and a coffin with a piece of white cotton thrown over it was also carried out.

"How shall I place myself?" asked Scott, in a steady voice, of Rev. Mr. Young; "kneeling or standing?" He was told that the former was expected, and he knelt in the snow.

A firing party of six of Riel's followers, under command of one Goulet, were drawn up, with muskets levelled.

"Tirez!" exclaimed Goulet.

In response five shots rang out in the frosty air, for one man, more humane than the rest, failed to pull the trigger of his weapon.

Rev. Mr. Young turned aside as the volley rang out, too heartsick to watch the final act.

## A REBELLION

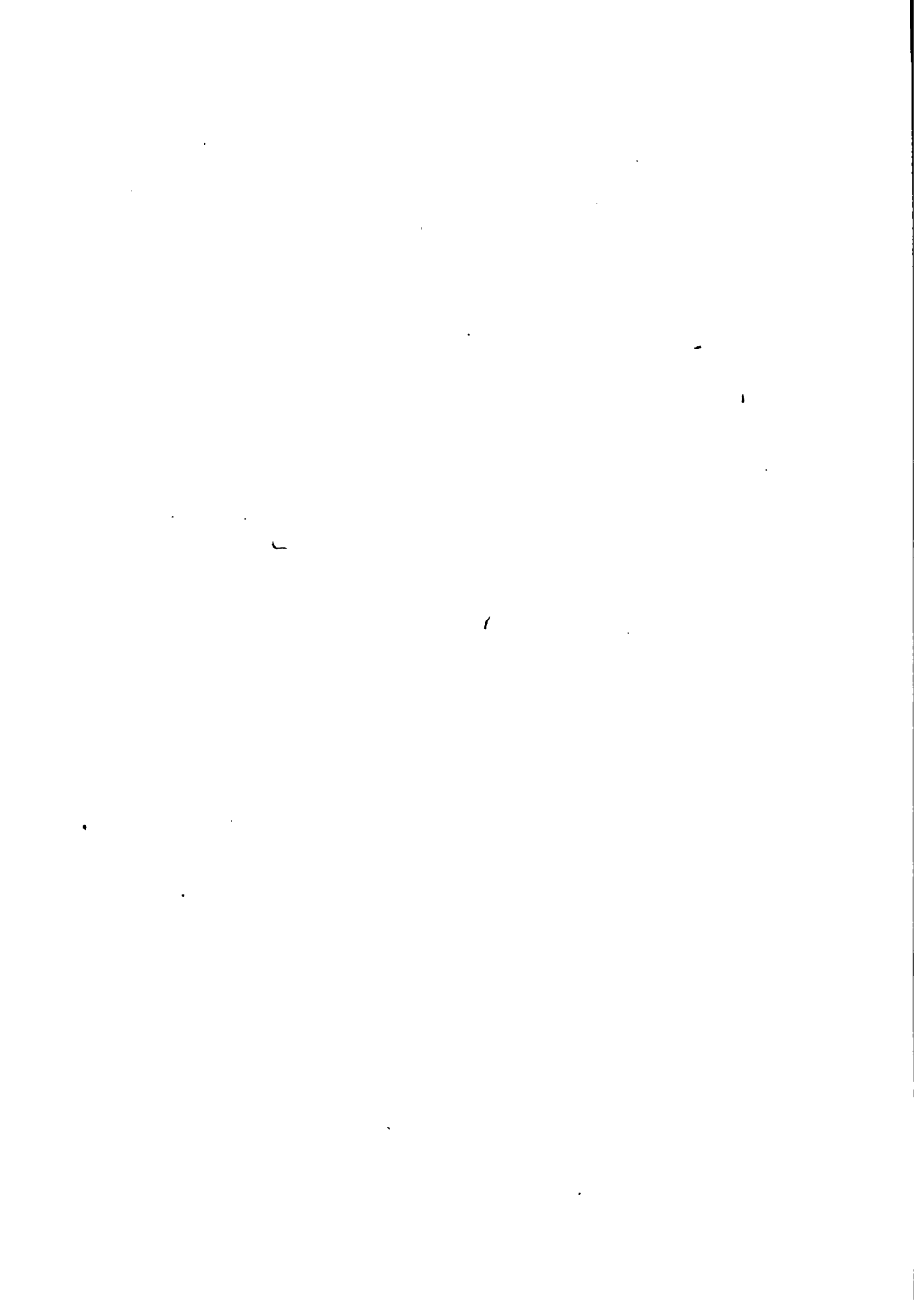
Scott pitched forward, and when Mr. Young and others went to his side it was found that three bullets had entered his breast. He was not dead, and was groaning pitifully. Then one of the firing party stepped forward with a revolver, and Mr. Young, divining his purpose, once more turned his head.

The man went up to the prostrate form and, placing the revolver close to Scott's ear, shot him through the head, thus completing the bloody work.

Mr. Young asked to have the remains for interment in the Presbyterian cemetery, but this was refused. Instead of placing the body in the trench, as pretended, Riel, in order to destroy all trace of the crime, had Goulet sink the remains through a hole in the ice in the river, and by a just dispensation of Providence this same Goulet, in attempting to swim the river for fear of the arrival of the British soldiers, was drowned at about the same spot.

Meanwhile Brenan and Jack, who had been told that their turn would come next, were placed in solitary confinement in two of the bastions, cruelly exposed without adequate covering to all the chilling blasts.

## **ON TO FORT GARRY**



## CHAPTER X

### ON TO FORT GARRY

AT LAST, and after seemingly almost insuperable difficulties, a road was constructed from Prince Arthur's Landing to Lake Shebandowan, the first of the water stretches to be used for conveyance of the men, with the accompanying supplies, to Fort Garry, some 600 miles distant. July 16th was the date fixed by Colonel Wolseley for the first lot of troops to be on the move, and at 8:30 p.m. on that day three brigades of boats—A, B, and C, seventeen in all—containing two companies of the 60th, got under way. Each boat had two voyageurs, besides eight or nine officers and soldiers, and carried thirty days' provisions for all the crew. In due order the other participants in the expedition followed, during the succeeding days, and ere long the whole force were on their lengthy journey. The route included the traversing of many lakes and rivers, and also many a hard portage, but the transport was effected throughout without mishap, although there were many narrow escapes.



## A REBELLION

It was an evening of surpassing loveliness when the start was made. The wind, which had been blowing fresh all day, had gone down, and the lake lay as calm and as smooth as a mirror, reflecting in its placid bosom the varied tints of a mellow sunset, which tinged the fleecy clouds with wondrous hues. The measured dip of the oars and the "Hurrahs!" of the boat crews alone broke the calm glory of the summer day.

The Chaplain, Captain Ainslie, and Dr. Bowden, were among those in the boat of which Pete had charge. There they were, eight persons in a small gig, about thirty feet long, with thirty days' provisions, bound for Fort Garry, 600 miles away.

They hugged the north shore, and when darkness set in they landed at the first favorable spot and bivouacked for the night. The next morning they reached the end of Shebandowan, and took a fifteen hundred-yard portage into Lake Kashaboine. That laborious work took the whole force nearly all day. Trees, principally American poplars, were cut down for skids or rollers, and on their slippery bark the boats went over as if greased.

All ranks, officers and men alike, worked

## ON TO FORT GARRY

with a will. Their dress was much the same—sleeves rolled up to the elbows, arms, necks and hands as brown as berries, loose flannel shirts open at the throat, pairs of dirty duck trousers, tucked into mocassins, and a straw hat or red woollen nightcap to crown all. The men had in most cases patched the seats of their trousers, worn out by continual rowing, with many amusing innovations, such as pieces of canvas from empty flour or biscuit bags.

As Pete remarked: “It made a feller feel hungrier still to look at some of them east ends going west.”

Five a.m. to eight p.m. was the day's work, and thus they went from lake to lake and over portage after portage, until Fort Frances, on the bank of the Rainy River, was reached. A beautiful stream it proved to be, from two hundred to four hundred yards in width. Groves of basswood and sturdy oaks were passed, standing in grassy, park-like expanses, and open glades stretching away into a forest of elm, ash and balsam poplar. The grass was very green and luxuriant, and the ground filled with climbing plants in rich

## A REBELLION

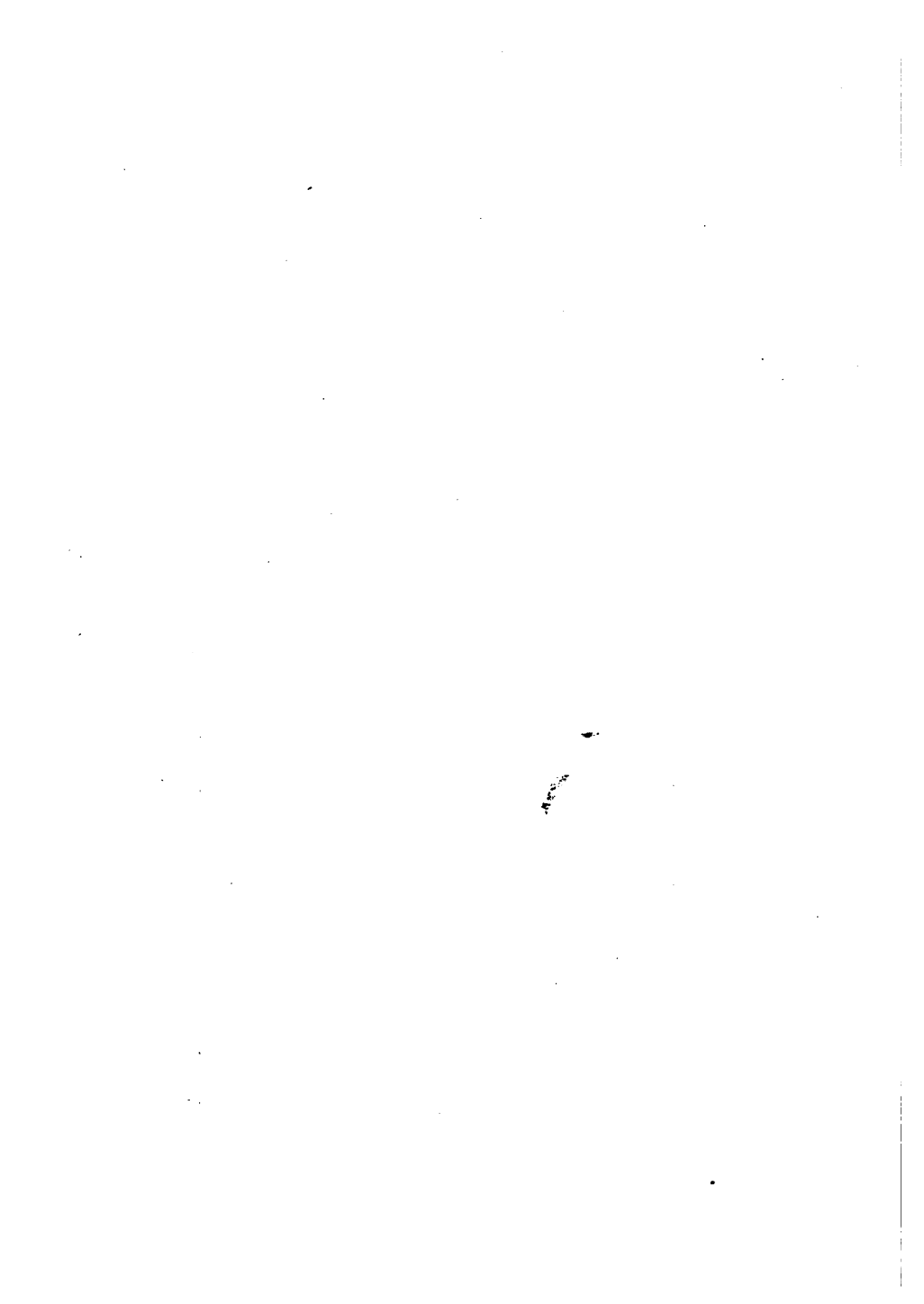
profusion — wild convolvulus, honeysuckle, woodbine, and wild rose.

And the rapids! Who shall describe the glorious thrill with which they were encountered and conquered. A rudder was no use in such turbulent waters; instead, the heaviest oar in the boat had to be used, worked from a rowlock in the stern. Pete was seated in the bow of the craft in his charge, with a scull which he used as a paddle, and a spare one close by in case of accident—a necessary precaution.

When the noise of a fast-approaching rapid reached his ears, his eyes sparkled, and at the first plunge he would wave his paddle in the air, and then with consummate skill keep the craft away from this and that dangerous rock by dexterously using his oar, first on one side and then the other. A mis-stroke, and all would have been thrown in the seething cauldron. Many a dangerous rapid was run in this way, but there was one which was enough to frighten even the oldest voyageur. The boat suddenly rushed into it without warning. It consisted of an enormous volume of water hurled headlong down a steep incline of smooth, slippery rock, against a cluster of



**AN APPROACH TO A BIG RAPID**



## ON TO FORT GARRY

massive boulders, over which it dashed madly with a roar like thunder, foaming about until it reached the level below, where its exhausted fury subsided into circling eddies and deep, treacherous whirlpools.

Into this fearful abyss of waters the boat dashed at railroad speed under the guidance of Pete, who took the centre of it, and the green-tipped waves curled their swirling heads high over the gunwale. At the end, by a great exertion of skill on the part of Pete and an Indian steersman in the stern, the boat's head was turned sharply to the left, and thus caught the back-water of the eddy, in which it quietly floated. The occupants, when it was all over, turned back to gaze with astonishment on the mighty and turbulent volume of water through which they had just passed with nothing worse than a ducking. None of the other boats attempted a like feat.

"What would have happened, Pete," asked the Chaplain, "if we had upset in that?"

"I wouldn't be here to answer you, sir, or you to listen. If we'd touched any one of them boulders the boat would have been crushed like a cockleshell, and the whirlpools and

## A REBELLION

eddies below would have sucked down any sinner who lasted that long."

"I wouldn't have taken it, if I'd known what it was, but once in, we had to see her through, by gum!"

"Suppose you've been in many an upset, eh, Pete?"

"Yes, a tidy few. More'n once I'd have been tempted to think of home and mother, if I'd had 'em, but not having the same, I just centred my thoughts on getting out."

"Self-preservation is the first law," commented the Doctor.

"Yes," said Pete, "but sometimes I think we're a little too anxious on that self-preservation game. I was a-figurin' of it up only the other night. They say seventy years is the limit of a man's life, and that's only eight hundred and forty months, with a large part of the time asleep, and much of it wasted hoping for something better to turn up—you don't quite know what. I heard a feller say once who was in business that if any man wanted to see how quick time could fly, all he had to do was to give a note for six months—whatever that means."

The sound of another approaching rapid

## ON TO FORT GARRY

put Pete on the qui vive again. The end was at last near at hand of the long journey, and a day or two later the foremost body of the troops disembarked at Point Douglas, about two miles from Fort Garry. Forming up in open columns of companies, they headed towards the Fort, which stood out in the open prairie. The gates were shut, and no flag was flying from the flagstaff, although settlers said it had been up until the previous evening. Guns, however, were visible from the bastions and over the gateway, and the glad word went along the lines, "Riel is going to fight!"

It was not to be, however; Riel and his associates had bolted, and the British troops, without resistance, marched in and hoisted the Union Jack.

On arrival at the Fort the British forces were welcomed with open arms by the unfortunates who had for so long been immured. A number of old pattern muskets, loaded and capped, were found, showing that up to the last moment almost, resistance had been intended, and the prisoners overheard Riel exclaim, "It is just as well to be shot, defending the fort, as to give it up and be hung afterwards!" His men, however, refused to stick



## A REBELLION

to him, and he and Lepine and O'Donohue escaped to the States. The house that he and his "Secretaries of State" had occupied was found in a state of great confusion, with the breakfast things on the table not yet cleared away, and documents and private papers lying around.

The three ringleaders made their escape across a bridge over the River Assiniboine, and then crossing to the right bank of the Red River, and collecting some logs of wood from rails and fences, they lashed these together with their braces, neckties and other portions of apparel, and made a crossing. They had nothing to eat except a few dried fish, and in sorry plight succeeded in reaching United States territory. They could have easily been captured, but the British General decided that he had no civil authority, and that warrants must first be secured.

Thus Riel got away, only to be hanged some years later for fomenting another uprising. He had ability and a good deal of justice in his campaign of protest, as originally planned, but the murder of Scott and other brutalities forever placed him under a ban.

## **AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE**



## CHAPTER XI

### AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE

OUTSIDE of Fort Garry the Chaplain and Captain Ainslie sat chatting in a tent the day after the arrival of the troops.

"Beastly nuisance!" remarked Ainslie, "to be on a trip like this without a shot fired, and with the last lot of papers from England announcing war between France and Prussia, and we cut off from all close communication."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Chaplain. "This trip was a necessity. With that bigger war on it will probably escape attention, but the expedition, all the same, has shown of what the British are made when they have to face physical hardship and difficulties. And, by-the-bye, it pleased me vastly to see you officers and the Tommies working shoulder to shoulder as comrades. There isn't enough of that kind of thing in this world."

"But you must have classes."

"To an extent, yes, but I have great sympathy with working people, especially the women and kiddies. Far too often they don't get a fair share of this world's goods. I

## A REBELLION

worked hard in a factory town before I came on this trip,—in fact, took this for a bracer,—and I know what labor means. Any morning, shortly after six, you can hear the feet of the toilers going to the shops, many of them with dinner-pails in hand. The sixty minutes at noon are not long enough to enable a return home, so that meals have to be eaten at the place of work. Seven to twelve, and one to six—that's their grind, and then when they get home and have a meal and perhaps take a look at a paper, it's about time for them to go to bed if they are going to be fit for the next day. And what's the outlook at the end of it all? Far too often a kick-out when energies fail and the eye grows dim. And the women—not the factory women, but the women of the factory men—what about them? To get their man off with breakfast prepared and dinner-pail filled, it means getting up before six each morning. Then there is the day's household duties, and the family coming along, often very fast, and there she is, toiling and moiling, day in and day out, Sundays and holidays included, with none to help, save when some kiddy gets big enough, and too often they have to go to the factory to help

## AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE

keep the pot boiling. I know that if all wealth was equally divided you'd have rich and poor again in a very short time, but the time is surely coming when more will have to be returned to the laborer. If this isn't done, the whole world will find itself face to face with an appalling industrial unrest."

"Excuse me, sir, but I think you are Rev. Mr. Allerton?" said Jack, as he entered the tent door.

The Chaplain nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, sir, could you come and see a chum of mine who is dying. His name is Brennan. He was placed in one of the bastions by Riel during the cold weather, and developed lung trouble, which has brought him very close to his end. He has expressed himself anxious to see you, as he knows you by name."

The Chaplain voiced his ready acquiescence to be of any service in his power. Jack took him to one of the small rooms in which Brennan was resting on a bed, his body racked with every breath he took.

The dying man turned with an effort as the Chaplain entered. The latter did not recognize in the wasted form the Blake whom he knew as the village schoolmaster at Brindon.

## A REBELLION

"I've sent for you," said the invalid, "as I knew you in the old days at Brindon, and I can't leave this world without righting a great wrong."

He paused for breath, and continued:

"My name is not Brennan, but Blake."

The Chaplain gave a quick glance of surprise.

"I see that you feel astonished," gasped the dying man.

"When you suddenly left Brindon," returned the Chaplain, "you gave it out that you were going to Australia, where a relative had said you could better yourself."

"Yes, sir, but that was a blind—I intended from the first to come to Canada. I did not leave for some months, and before I set sail I heard in a roundabout way of her death."

"You mean Miss Daunton's?"

"I mean the wife of the young Squire."

"What!" ejaculated the Chaplain, as he rose to his feet, scarcely able to credit the words he had just heard.

"I mean it. They were man and wife."

"In Heaven's name, how do you know?"

With painful slowness Blake went over the details of the scene on the stormy night when

## AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE

he and the Squire met on the cliff road. When he had closed his relation of the details, he added:

“After I saw with a sickening sense of responsibility that it was all over, I started to climb to the top of the cliff again. On the way up I saw a document, and mechanically picked it up, thrusting it in my pocket. After I reached my room I looked at it, and found that it was a marriage certificate.”

“Why didn’t you make its existence known?”

“Ah, why didn’t I? That’s a question I have asked myself thousands of times. I can hardly say what went through my mind; I wasn’t, in fact, responsible. He was dead, and she was free, but I felt that I could not look her in the face again. Then I was afraid that if I said anything there would be suspicion against me. I had been at the lodge that day saying that I must see the Squire on urgent business, and that would have been recalled if I had produced the certificate. No harm had been done, except the terrible harm of his death, and then her death soon after led me to still keep silent, although without



## A REBELLION

that I would later have found some way of sending the license to her."

"No harm?" echoed the Chaplain; "when she left to the world a nameless child?"

The look on Blake's face was one of appalling agony.

"My God! You say—that—there was a child?"

"Yes."

"I had—no idea—of that."

"Man," said the Chaplain, "it is not for me to upbraid you at such a time as this, but you have done an awful wrong!"

The dying man for some moments seemed dazed. Recovering himself, he said:

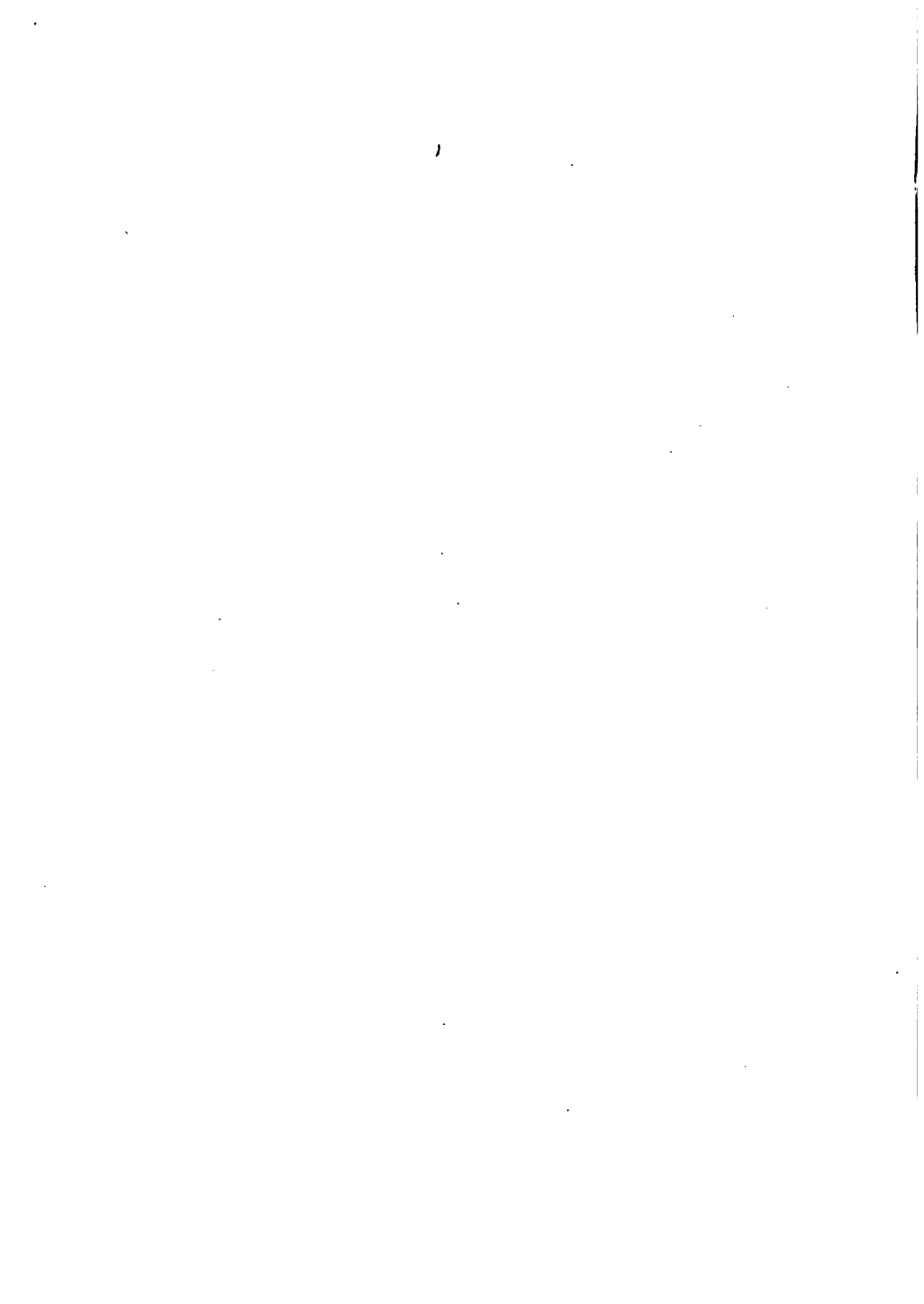
"Had I known of what you speak I should have righted this terrible wrong long ago. Thank God, it's not too late to make some slight reparation. Under my pillow you will find the certificate. I had it there, intending to hand it to one of the local priests to-day—my last day on earth—but hearing your name mentioned as Chaplain, I thought it far better to pass into your hands. God help me! God forgive me!"

The Chaplain gently removed the document from the place indicated, and found that, as

## AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE

related, it fully established the fact that Dulcie Daunton was indeed an honored wife, and that her daughter was not a nameless waif.

He remained for a few minutes to give such consolation as he could afford to the unhappy Blake, for he realized he would never again see another sun rise, and then he started with earnest haste in search of Captain Ainslie.



## **PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN**



## CHAPTER XII

### PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

THE Chaplain found the Captain, who had just come off duty, and together they went to his quarters.

Pipes lighted, the minister leaned back comfortably in his chair, his whole soul thrilled with the contemplative delight which always animated him in connection with a pleasant deed.

"Riel didn't last long," he commented.

"No," returned the Captain. "Bally luck, I call it, to come all this way for nothing."

There was a twinkle in the Chaplain's eye as he thought to himself, "I wonder if you'll call it nothing, my lad, in about a brace of shakes?"

However, he continued with the remark, "What will be the next move?"

"Back home, I believe. I understand that the Canadian militia will act as a garrison here for a while, and that the regulars return immediately."

Still the artful Chaplain continued to mentally masticate that sweet morsel.

## A REBELLION

"What time should we get there?" he queried.

"Oh, I imagine about October; not later, I think."

"And you, what will you do?"

"I'll go straight to Dulcie, of course, and tell her and her uncle that I know all; that it doesn't make a bit of difference to my love; in fact, has made it all the stronger."

"You'll be giving me away," complained the Chaplain.

"Not I. They shall never be told the source of my information. I'll make believe that love divined it."

The Chaplain could hold out no longer. "Here, boy," he said, "read that."

Twice through the Captain perused the document before he seemed to realize its full intent, and then, looking at the Chaplain, he exclaimed, in manifest bewilderment:

"A marriage certificate—of Dulcie's mother—found here!"

"Yes, my lad," replied the Chaplain, and then he related the circumstances, while the younger man listened with intense eagerness.

The Chaplain left him with his new-found joy, but after going from the building a few

## PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

steps, returned, and put his head in the door.

"Ainslie?"

"Hullo!"

"'Bally luck,' wasn't it, to come all this way for nothing?" and the Chaplain was just in time to dodge a bootjack.

Leaving the Captain's quarters, the minister took a stroll along the Red River, and came across Pete sitting on the bank and whittling a piece of wood, a favorite diversion with him.

"Well, Pete," said the Chaplain, dropping down beside him, "we've been together now for some weeks, but pretty soon we'll have to part."

"So I hear, sir," returned Pete, "and I'm sore sorry to do the same."

"I want to thank you heartily, Pete, for your good-comradeship."

"There ain't no thanks a-comin' from you to me, sir; it's t'other way round, all me to you."

"Thank you, Pete."

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Allerton, you have been—well, you've done more for me than any man I was ever throwed in with. I've never been what you'd call a bad man; never



## A REBELLION

did no feller a measly turn in my life, and done some a good turn. I was born in the States, and just tumbled up any old way in a lumber district. Didn't get much l'arnin'; mighty little doing in those lines when I was a kid; and I had to turn in and get my living bright and early in the game. Hard work and hard knocks, most of it, and finally I took to trapping and sich-like, getting across the Canadian border in my wanderings, and fetching up at Prince Arthur's Landing for this trip, where you first seen me."

"And it was right then, Pete," said the Chaplain, "that I knew you and I were going to be good friends."

"I take that most kindly, sir," responded Pete. "In my young days there warn't much religion taught except that there was a God, and it was wicked to steal or tell a lie, and later on in my life, when I've listened to preachers once in a while, it's been mostly about fleeing from a wrath to come, or something of that kind. Always seemed to me that there's enough worries down below, without smacking your lips over more of them in the future, like some parsons seem to do. However, sir, you've never talked like that. You've talked

## PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

the square deal, and the glad hand, and the decent word, and the right living, and, what's more, you've done 'em all."

"Those things, with faith added, Pete, are the essence of religion."

"I see it now, sir, but didn't think of it before. You remember, Chaplain, that sermon you preached regarding the right way to look at some of those miracles in the Bible, that they were 'gorical?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that time I was in New York, what I told you of, I heard a story which come to my mind while you wuz talking. A man who tended a furnace got tangled up with a religious revival, and after a while wanted to jine the church as a member. He was told the story of Jonah and the whale, and asked if he believed it.

" 'What!' says he. 'Three days and three nights inside a whale?"

" 'Yes.'

" 'No light, no food, no air?"

" 'No.'

" 'And he came out alive?"

" 'Yes.'

" 'Have to believe that 'ere?"

## A REBELLION

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘All right, I’ll go it.’

“ ‘Then they told him that furnace story you made so clear, sir.

“ ‘What!’ says he. ‘A furnace like what I run?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘And made it seven times hotter?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘And them men walked around inside and came out without even a hair burnt?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Give me my hat,’ says he. ‘I ain’t going to swaller that, and now I don’t believe your old fish story, neither.’ ”

“ ‘These are not things to be joked about,’ ” returned the Chaplain, “ ‘but at the same time, Pete, your story points a lesson. You see, that furnace man had practical knowledge, and too often from the pulpit the letter of the Word is insisted upon instead of the spirit, as I tried to show in the sermon to which you make refernce.’ ”

“ ‘No disrespect meant,’ ” said Pete, “ ‘or intended. What I want to tell you, Mr. Allerton, is that afore I came across you, religion seemed to me somehow to be something for

## PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

those who could afford it, or else to get the heathen into better ways, often after their land got took, and I didn't seem to feel that Pete Gowland figured in the scheme at all. I do now, thanks to you, and I'll always bless the day this here Red River stunt got started."

The following day was the last Sunday of the regulars before the breaking up of camp, and at the close of a sermon delivered to the men in the open air, Rev. Allerton said:

"We should, and I hope that we all do, return heartfelt thanks to the Almighty for the successful issue of this expedition. During the past few months we have been brought close to the very heart of Nature, and the result cannot fail to have exercised a very solemn and impressive influence.

"I do not know that a better illustration could be had of our own earthly careers than that supplied by this trip. The crossing of Lake Shebandowan was like the first smooth childhood days of most of us—little ripples and little troubles here and there, but nothing of serious moment. Then there came that first portage from Lake Shebandowan to Lake Kashaboiewe, when on your backs you had to

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carry your supplies over the intervening land between the two sheets of water. That seemed to me like the time when the lad first entering on the duties of life commences to shoulder its responsibilities.

“In the next lake you came across a number of scattered islands, among which a number of the boats became temporarily lost. That, it seemed to me, was an illustration of the manner in which many young men become lost among counter-attractions before again reaching the true and straight channel of right living.

“Later on in the river courses you were plunged into rapid after rapid—fit illustrations of the turbulent incidents which crop up in all lives, often when least expected. A straight course and steady eye proved essential to the successful running of them, just as in this world straight conduct and the unflinching eye of faith prove essential to surmounting many troubles.

“Finally you reached the fort of your endeavor and entered in and took possession, just as I hope you will all reach that Heavenly Fort which your Father has prepared for you and all His children. Amen.”

The brief sojourn at Fort Garry was over.



**THE CHAPLAIN**



## PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

The expeditionary force had won a bloodless victory, but their work had, nevertheless, been notable, a fact well exemplified in the following message, issued by the Commandant:

### TO THE REGULAR TROOPS OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:

I cannot permit Colonel Feilden and you to start upon your return journey to Canada without thanking you for having enabled me to carry out the Lieutenant-General's orders so successfully.

You have endured excessive fatigue in the performance of a service that, for its arduous nature, can bear comparison with any previous military expedition. In coming here from Prince Arthur's Landing, you have traversed a distance of upwards of six hundred miles.

Your labors began with those common at the outset to all campaigns—namely, with road-making and the construction of defensive works; then followed the arduous duty of taking the boats up a height of eight hundred feet, along fifty miles of river full of rapids, and where portages were numerous. From the time you left Shebandowan Lake until Fort Garry was reached, your labor at the oar has been incessant from daybreak to dark every day. Forty-seven portages were got over, entailing the unparalleled exertion of carrying the boats, guns, ammunition, stores and provisions over a total distance of seven miles. It may be said that the whole journey has been made through a wilderness, where, as there were no supplies of any sort whatever to be had, everything had to be taken with you in the boats.

I have throughout viewed with pleasure the manner in which officers have vied with the men in carrying heavy loads. I feel proud of being in command of officers who so well know how to set a good example,



## A REBELLION

and of men who evince such eagerness in following it.

It has rained upon forty-five days out of the ninety-four that have passed by since we landed at Thunder Bay, and upon many occasions every man has been wet through for days together.

There has not been the slightest murmur of discontent heard from anyone.

It may be confidently asserted that no force has ever had to endure more continuous labor, and it may be as truthfully said that no men on service have ever been better behaved, or more cheerful under the trials arising from exposure to inclement weather, excessive fatigue and to the annoyance caused by flies.

There has been a total absence of crime amongst you during your advance to Fort Garry, and I feel confident that your conduct during the return journey will be as creditable to you in every respect.

The leaders of the banditti who recently oppressed Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the Red River Settlement having fled as you advanced on the Fort, leaving their guns and a large quantity of their arms and ammunition behind them, the primary object of the expedition has been peaceably accomplished. Although you have not, therefore, had an opportunity of gaining glory, you can carry back with you into the daily routine of garrison life the conviction that you have done good service to the State, and have proved that no extent of intervening wilderness, no matter how great may be its difficulties, whether by land or water, can enable men to commit murder or to rebel against Her Majesty's authority with impunity.

G. J. WOLSELEY, COLONEL,  
Commanding Red River Expedition.

The work of starting the boats on the return trip was going forward, when Pete came to the Chaplain, and remarked:

## PETE AND THE CHAPLAIN

"We don't part, sir, so soon as we thought."

"I'm glad of that, Pete."

"No, sir; the Commandant, he sent for me this morning, and wants me to take charge of the boats again on the way back. What's more, he said he was so pleased with my work, that if I cared to take a trip to England he'd give me an order for a passage with the troops. I'm getting a tidy sum for this job, and blame me if I don't believe I'll go."

"By all means do!" said the Chaplain. "You shall come and stay with me, Pete, when you get there, and I'll show you a thing or two."

"I'm afraid, sir, I won't be up to the mark in the matter of togs, or manners, and things of that kind. I noticed you, sir, the day we landed, take off your hat to a lady you were passing outside the Fort. I'd no more remember to do a thing like that than sit down and take off a boot—seems to me one 'ud be just about as sensible as t'other."

"It's just a custom," laughed the Chaplain. "Things like that needn't make you afraid—you're all wool and a yard wide, Pete, and that's all those who know you care about."

And so it was settled that Pete should go along, and mighty proud he was of the fact.

## A REBELLION

The return journey meant that the rapids in the Winnipeg and Sturgeon Rivers had to be laboriously ascended instead of swiftly run, but the troops had a less quantity of stores over portages, then guns and ammunition had been left in Fort Garry, and in addition they were up to their work, so that by the first week in October all had reached Prince Arthur's Landing once more. The steamships Chicora and Algoma took them by lake to Collingwood, thence they went by train to Montreal, where they embarked.

Pete took the opportunity in the latter city to make a dash up town. He came back to the boat rigged out in a set of startling effects in clothes and haberdashery, and the Chaplain turned round momentarily, so that the honest fellow would not see his smile.

## **THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY**



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

IT was a moonlight night on the Atlantic, as the great troopship plowed her way homeward. Pete, who had become quite a recognized character on board, was as pleased as a child with all he saw, and at that moment was delving into the mysteries of the engine-room.

On the upper deck Rev. Allerton and Captain Ainslie were having a quiet chat while watching the silvery beams as they glanced and reglanced on the restless waves.

"Only two more days to shore," remarked the Chaplain.

"Yes," returned the Captain, "and I have been pondering more than once upon the best manner in which to break the grand news to Dulcie and 'Daddy.'"

"And I," replied the Chaplain, "have been thinking upon the best manner in which to let them know that, certificate or no certificate, you intended to press your suit."

"That," returned the Captain, "I'm sure my dear one will realize without any telling—let her reverse the supposed situation, and I

## A REBELLION

am sure she would never give me up under like circumstances."

"I'm going to let her know, my boy, all the same," murmured the Chaplain.

"There's one thing I've quite decided," said the Captain, "and it is that you must be the first to tell them. You were with John Dauntton in the period of his sorrow, and it is you who can most fittingly lift the burden from his heart—from both their hearts. I feel that such a period would be too sacred for me to be present."

"Well and thoughtfully said, my lad; and when do you intend to make yourself known?"

"I thought if you dropped around in the afternoon, I might do so in the evening, if that would not be too soon?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy, and I'll take good care not to give even the whisper of a hint of your presence."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Bowden was also taking the trip for a return visit to the Old Land, and in the evening, in the smoking-room, when stories were passing around he was responsible for the following reminiscence:

"Bill Biffkins was the youngest son of Far-

## THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

mer Biffkins, Lonesome Farm, Lonelyville. Bill was a bright boy, none more so in those parts, and he had ambitions. Milking the brindle cow and other such work did not appeal to him, and early in life he decided to become a doctor of medicine—but how? The old man, with his large family and scanty farm, certainly could not afford to put up a cent, and Bill hadn't any relatives who could leave anybody anything except debts. However, the lad was determined and resourceful.

“By hard study he finally earned a certificate as a school teacher, and then, by close living and keen saving, all the more difficult because he was naturally of a generous disposition, he managed to make enough to put him through his first year as a medical student. For the rest he decided to trust to luck in doing any kind of a job he could get between lectures, and hospital work, in the city to which he was going. He worked through all right until his last year, and the coveted M.D. seemed to be well within his reach, when something happened.

“Bill met with a serious illness. The doctors, after the manner of their profession, attended him for nothing, but there were



## A REBELLION

many expenses, and it was all pay out, and nothing coming in. The consequence was that Bill found himself facing the long summer vacation with less than fifty dollars on hand, and too weak to do farm work, which in the other years had carried him through that period.

“Now, as before related, Bill was resourceful. He knew enough of human nature to recognize the fact that the average individual, man or woman, possesses an ingrowing idea, however well they may be, that by taking some medicine they might feel even better. Especially he recognized this to be true in rural sections, after a crowd on the market square or in the town hall had been impressed by some smooth-tongued individual with the awful and complicated nature of their inside machinery, and of the immediate necessity of having things set right before worse happened.

“Bill’s mind was made up. He bought a quantity of Epsom salts. Then he got a couple of tubs and mixed said salts with water. Bottles were next secured, and a label, bearing Turkish hieroglyphics—or, at least, they looked such to the uninitiated, for the Turkish

## THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

language is not known to any large extent even by the best families. Then he added various coloring matters—pink for asthma, red for ‘that tired feeling,’ blue for indigestion, and so on. He figured it up that his net cost per bottle, complete, was six cents, and that there was enough charge, at one dollar per, to warrant him in putting on a little ‘side.’

“So he went up street to a costumier and bought a Turkish dress and turban, and adopted the name of Abdul El Geriez. Next he secured an advance agent, and between them they drew up a poster, which read:

### **THIS NOTICE**

#### **IS OF IMPORTANCE TO YOU!**

**ABDUL-EL-GERIEZ**, the Confidential Physician of the Sultan of Turkey, is now travelling through your country in order to note the crudities of American practitioners, as compared with the subtle and more effective methods in the Ottoman Empire. Purely in the interests of a common humanity, he will give addresses for two nights (here there was a blank for date and place) in your village.

**GEORGE JEFFERSON JOHNSON**, the Famous Colored Comedian and Banjo Player, will help to enliven proceedings.

“The said George Jefferson Johnson was an old-time chum of the new Turkish doctor, and

## A REBELLION

he was no mean performer in the directions indicated. Biffkins decided that an air of mystery would greatly aid his plans, so that in the small hotels where he stopped, he made it a rule to keep to his room as much as possible, and he never by any chance so far forgot his Oriental dignity as to take a meal in the common dining-room. The first night in each place was devoted solely to entertainment and a talk. Biffkins affected a slight accent, but not very much so, explaining that, in addition to the deeper and more subtle phases of Oriental pharmacy, he had also studied in many countries of Europe, and had walked the London hospitals. His addresses ran somewhat after this fashion:

“ ‘Well, good people! As you will have noticed by the bills, I am not an ordinary medicine man, or quack doctor. I have no nostrums to offer for sale, but the desire to study American medical methods brought me to this country.

“ ‘After my arrival, and realizing the crudity of the American pharmacopoeia, I decided that it was my duty, in the interests of humanity, to give public addresses, and advice gratis, to all who desired a consultation. There will

## THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

not in any instance be one cent charged for such advice.

“ ‘Now, you all know, or should know, that the human body is a very delicately balanced machine, whose component parts are a mixture of water, bone, muscle, blood vessels, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, and other organs. Your intestines alone are about twenty-five feet in length. Just think of that!

“ ‘We all think telegraphy a wonderful thing, also the cable, the printing press, and other great inventions. Did you ever stop to think that in your own system are all these things, and more. For a printing press it is necessary to constantly change the forms, whereas your brains, to a greater or less degree, have an indelible record of words and incidents and tunes, and so on, which come to you without any apparent effort. What telegraphic devices, marvellous though they may be, ever equalled the telegraphic exchange in the human form? Your toe aches, and the fact is immediately telegraphed to the brain. Your liver is out of order, or your stomach, or any part of you, and instantly the nerve wires communicate the fact and the feeling of pain to the head exchange, without any

## A REBELLION

operators, or keys, or anything of that sort, to help.

“ ‘Well, now, it is only when portions of this delicate machine get out of order that we have what is known as illness. There should be no such thing, and would not be if we took care of ourselves. Moreover, by a little simple advice and the judicious use of various medicines known in our school for centuries, and such as with great success I have used in the instance of His Highness the Sultan (Allah be praised!), I can restore any one to normal condition. It is not necessary for me to use any stethoscope, or thermometer in fever cases, or what is known as percussion—that is, to tap you on the chest or elsewhere. By a mere glance I can tell you what your ailment is, and in order to prove this I will now walk down the aisle of this hall and at random tell some of you your troubles.’

“Noticing a woman whose red nose indicated indigestion: ‘My good woman, usually you have a feeling of weight and oppression. Your food does not assimilate properly—in fact, lies like lead on your stomach. Am I right?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

## THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

“Noticing a fat man with a somewhat wheezy breathing: ‘My dear sir, you sometimes go to bed and your breathing is perfectly natural. Then about midnight you frequently have to sit up in your bed and literally fight for breath. Is that right?’

“ ‘By gum, but that beats me! You’ve called the turn to a dot.’

“Noticing a man with a program held close up to his eyes: ‘My good fellow, you suffer a great deal from bad headaches. It is not your head which is at fault, but your eyes. You need glasses.’

“Noticing a man with slightly knotted fingers: ‘You, sir, suffer from rheumatism, and sometimes after you have sat down for a while you rise up with a good deal of stiffness and pain. Do I get you?’

“ ‘Right on the nail.’

“In this manner Biffkins had his audiences speedily agog and open-mouthed.

“ ‘Can’t we buy some of your stuff?’ was the request from more than one part of the hall.

“ ‘No! As I told you when I commenced, I am not here to sell anything, simply to do all the good I can.’

## A REBELLION

“Word of the wonderful powers of this mysterious doctor soon spread throughout the neighborhood, and second nights saw bumper crowds. Then there was the same banjo-playing and another talk, and finally, under great pressure, Biffkins consented to sell a limited number of bottles of his medicine for one dollar each. Several dozen of said bottles had previously, be it noted, been carried to the rear of the hall.

“The scheme worked so well that by the end of the summer Biffkins had over fifteen hundred dollars on hand—enough to put him through his last year and keep the wolf from the door the first year of practice, when patients are usually of the kind to whom no other doctor will give credit. Biffkins was feeling good; he hadn’t done anybody any harm, and some others a good deal of aperiient good.

“But something happened.

“At his very last meeting a fellow-student, who lived in the neighborhood, and who, out of curiosity, went to hear the great Turkish physician, saw through the disguise and informed the Medical Council. Next day Biffkins received a summons to attend police

## THE DOCTOR TELLS A STORY

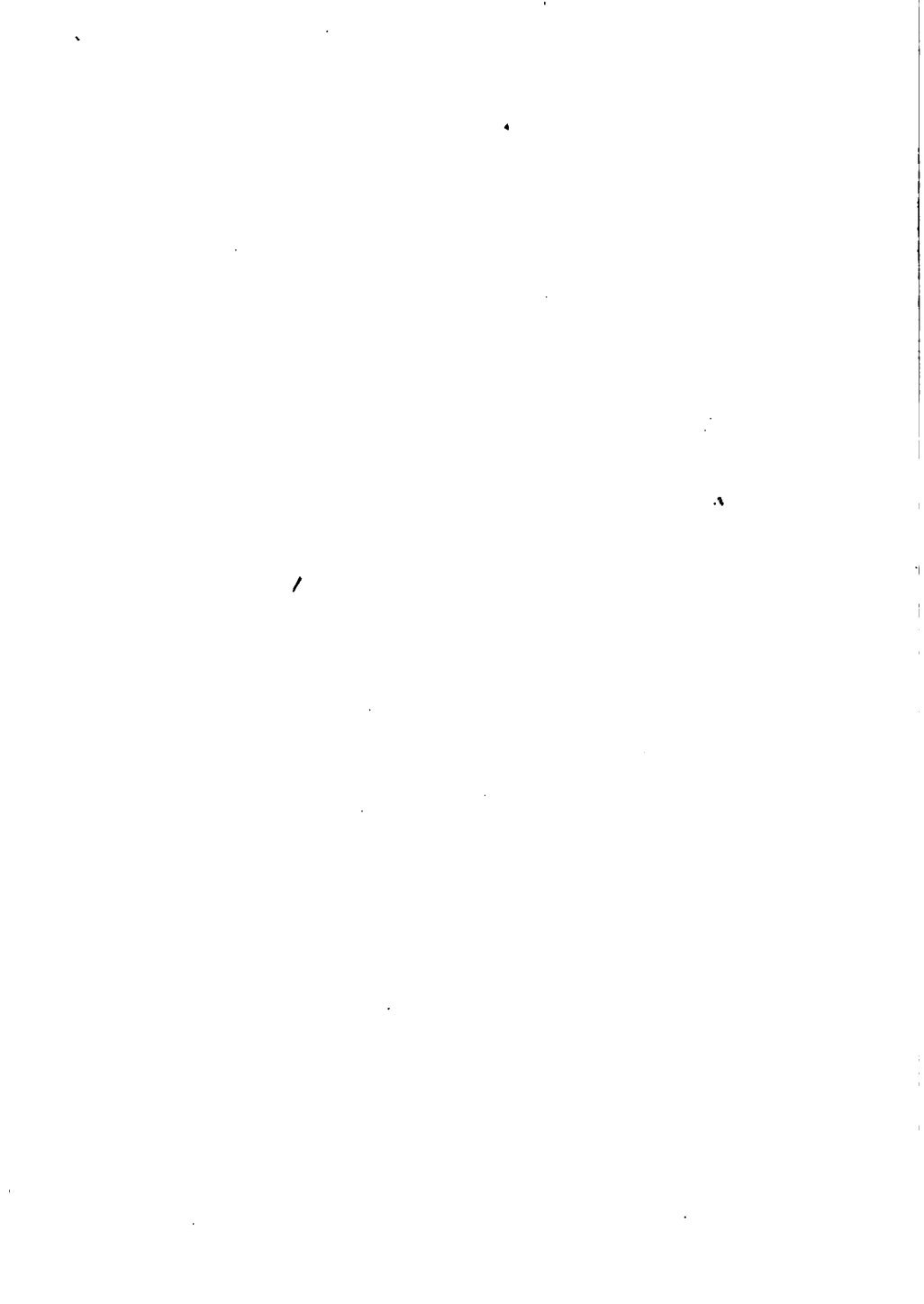
court, and he was fined for practising medicine without a license. Then the Council struck his name off the rolls, and all Biffkins' hard work and self-denial counted for nothing. He was a ruined man."

"Cad!" ejaculated the Chaplain; but he didn't specify which man he had in view.





**JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR  
THE NEWS**



## CHAPTER XIV

### JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR THE NEWS

"HERE are your slippers and your paper, Daddy," said Dulcie to John Daunton, as he sat a few days later in the little sitting-room.

"Thank you, my pet."

She drew forward a low stool and sat at Daddy's feet, with a piece of sewing in her always busy hands, while John commenced to scan the news.

Dulcie appeared as charming as ever, but there was that look in her face which would have told a keen observer that her life had been brushed by the wing of the Angel of Sorrow.

"Just we two, Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," he returned; "just we two," and his hand rested caressingly on her bright hair.

"Not grieving now, are you, my pet?"

"No, Daddy, just a weeny, weeny bit, but it will soon pass away, for I have you, Daddy, for my very own."

"Yes, dear."

A deep silence followed, broken only by the

## A REBELLION

ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the corner, as John Daunton read the news, and Dulcie's little hand plied the needle.

Suddenly John Daunton's eye lighted on an article which, after reading, he seemed to ponder for a while. Finally he said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as he could assume:

"My pet."

"Yes, Daddy."

"The troops have reached home from Canada."

Dulcie paused a second in her task, but only for a second.

"And—and are they all well, Daddy?"

"Yes, darling. Not only was there no fighting at Fort Garry, but not an officer or man was lost during the entire trip by either accident or sickness."

Dulcie's prayer of thankfulness was a silent one.

"Captain Ainslie, is—is he back, too, Daddy?"

"Yes, dear, and there's the name, too, of another man I used to know in the old days—Mr. Allerton, who acted as Chaplain of the forces."

There was a long silence, and then John read out some other items which he thought

## JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR THE NEWS

would prove of interest, and perhaps divert the thoughts of his little one.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed a little later. "I'm tired, and I think I'll go to bed."

"Not upset, my darling?"

"No, Daddy, I—don't—think—so."

"All right, dear. Get a good sleep, and let me see my little Bright Eyes her own sweet self in the morning."

"All right, Daddy!" And impressing a fond kiss upon his forehead, she lighted her candle and went to her room, where she threw herself on her couch and tried to stem the tears which somehow she could not keep back. The mention of Captain Ainslie's name, which had not passed the lips of either herself or her uncle since his departure, had opened the old sorrow. She thought, poor child, she had steeled herself to her resignation of him, but now she realized that this could never be. He was back once more in England, and even if she should never see him again, his dear presence would always be an abiding solace. Finally the paroxysm of her grief spent itself, and with the words on her lips, "Just we two, Daddy! Just we two!" she fell into a fitful sleep.

## A REBELLION

The next day, except for a little undercurrent of sadness, which only keen affection such as that of John Dauntton could detect, she was apparently her old blithesome self, going about her household duties with snatches of song upon her brave young lips, and only to herself was known the heavy load which rested upon her heart.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, dear!" came John Dauntton's voice from the garden, where he was doing some work.

"Come here; you're wanted."

John came towards the house, and as Dulcie went forward he said: "What is it, my dear?"

"A gentleman to see you, Daddy. I've shown him into the front parlor."

"Who is he, Pet?"

"I don't know, Daddy, but he's a minister—probably the new one who is expected at the church."

Dulcie gave John a few little furbishing touches, with regard to his tie, and so on, as women will, and he walked in to greet his caller.

Mr. Allerton was looking out of the window, and, coming from the sun glare into the

## JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR THE NEWS

shaded room, John could not at first make out his features. Then the caller turned around and, with both hands outstretched, said:

“John!”

“Mr. Allerton!” exclaimed John. “Why, how, when and where did you learn that I was here?”

“Not sorry to see me, John, I hope?”

“No, sir—far from that! And yet I’ve seen none of the old Brindon folks for so long that I hoped I—we—were forgotten.”

“John, you may rest assured that I have always venerated and respected your retirement from earlier scenes, and the cause of it, and you may well believe that I would not look you up now except for good and sufficient reason.”

John looked at the Chaplain in a questioning manner.

“The child?” continued the minister. “It was she, I think, who answered the door for me?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I think, John, that she should be present to listen to what I have to tell you.”

Still wondering, John went out and fetched Dulcie, to whom he introduced the minister.



## A REBELLION

"I think I may, my dear, as an old friend of your mother's?" said the minister, as he kissed her.

John seated himself in his chair, and Dulcie sat upon the arm of it, her own arm around "Daddy's" neck.

"I felt," said Mr. Allerton, "that you should both be present to listen to what I have to tell you. We reached Fort Garry without incident, and there I found that one of the prisoners was a sick, a dying, man, who went under the name of Brenan. He sent for me, John, and told me that he remembered me in the old Brindon days, that his name was in reality Blake, and that he had been the village schoolmaster there."

"I remember him," said John.

"Well, he told me that the night the young Squire fell over the cliff—(John's hand gave a convulsive clench)—he and the Squire had words on the road—what about, John, I'll tell you later—and that in the end the Squire struck him in the face with his whip. Blake in his fury seized the horse, and in the melee the animal went over the cliff, causing the Squire's death."

"Why do you come here, Mr. Allerton,"

## JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR THE NEWS

asked John, "to revive these painful memories?"

"Reason enough, John. As the Squire pitched head forward, a paper slipped out of his pocket. Blake picked it up, and later found it to be the marriage certificate of Dulcie and the Squire."

"And they were married?" almost shouted John.

"Most assuredly!"

"And my sister was not disgraced?"

"No, John."

"My pet, my second Dulcie, is not a nameless child?"

"No, John, but the pledge of a true and honorable union, as this certificate, which Blake gave me, and I now give you, will show."

John threw his arms around Dulcie, and his still strong frame shook with sobs, as he called her his "Pet," his "Darling," his no longer motherless waif, and other endearing terms.

"Daddy, Daddy," she said, when he had become somewhat calmer, "I was never motherless, dear, with your fond arms to surround me, and mother— Oh, didn't I know

## A REBELLION

and feel, Daddy, that it could not be what was thought of her!"

And thus the Chaplain left those two while he took a stroll in the garden and tried through his tear-bedimmed eyes to distinguish begonias from forget-me-nots.

After a due allowance of time, Mr. Allerton returned to the house, and found John and Dulcie still radiant, but it was a subdued radiance, as each thought of the unwitting wrong which had been done the Dulcie of long ago.

"You must stay to tea, sir," said John.

"More than delighted," returned the minister.

"And—and—Mr. Allerton," said Dulcie, in shy accents, blushing furiously the while, "were they a nice lot of officers on the trip?"

"A fine lot, my dear."

"I have met one of them."

"Have you, my dear?"

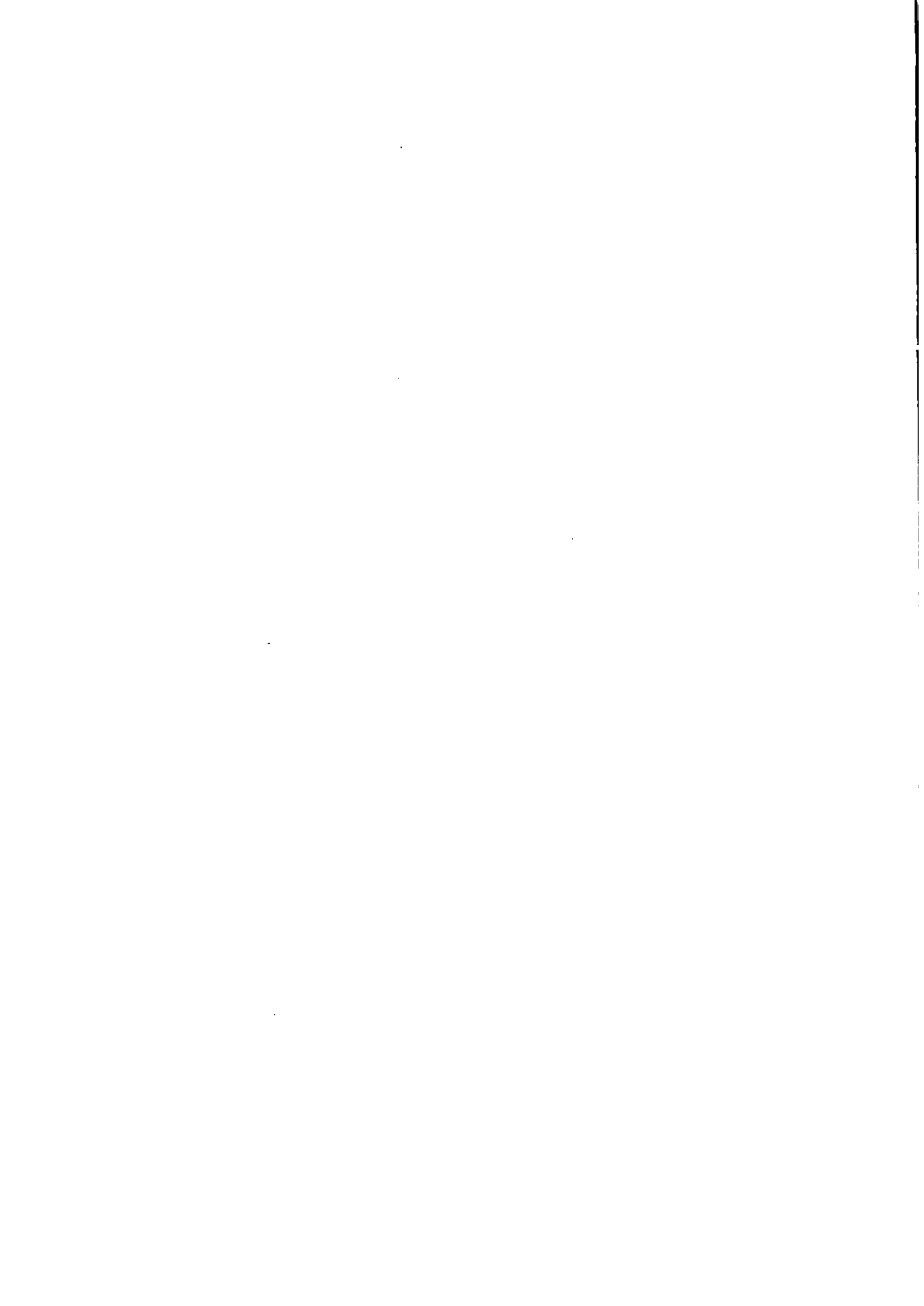
"Yes, a Captain Ainslie. He was one of the staff, wasn't he?"

"Yes, I believe so," indifferently returned the minister.

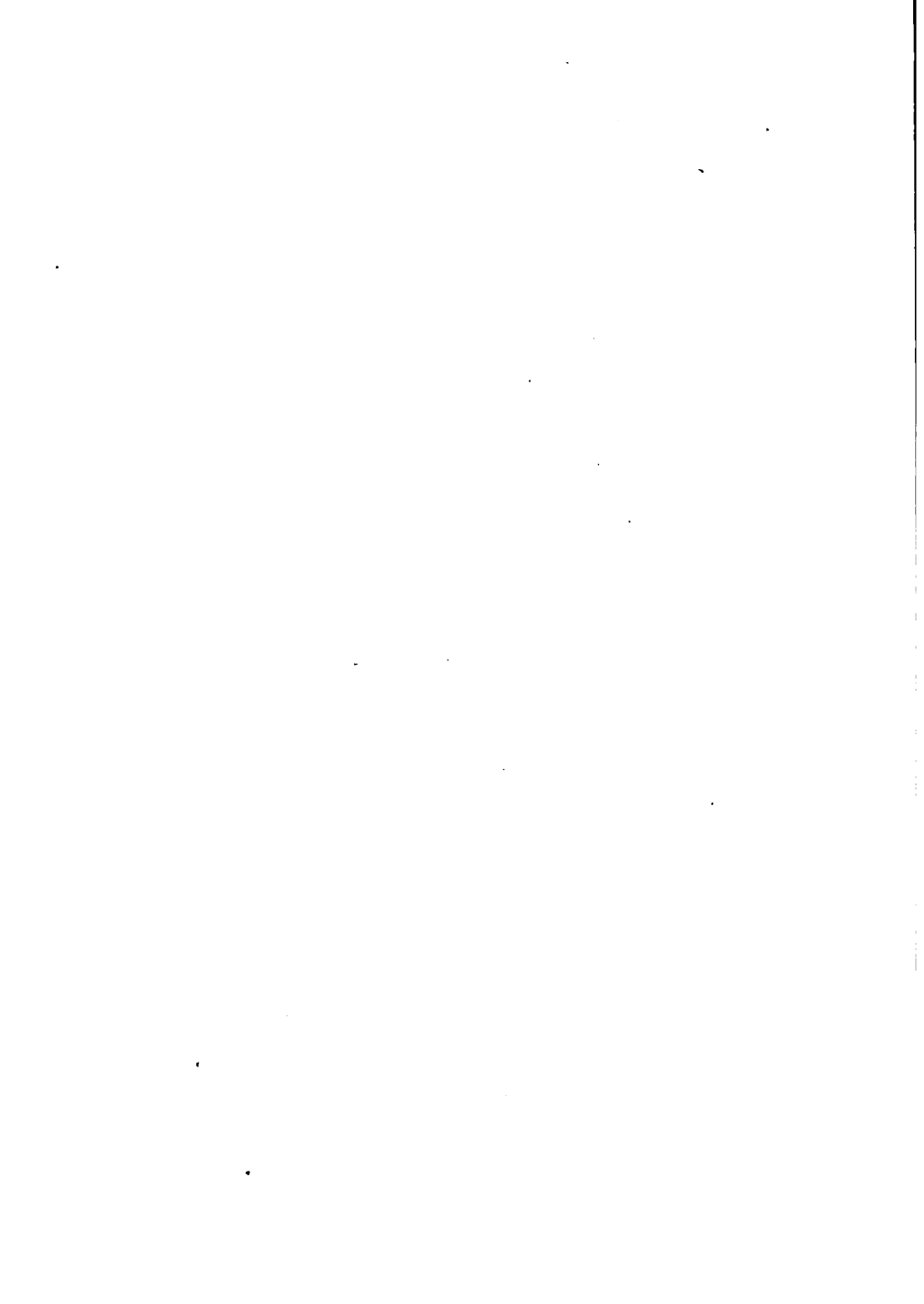
Oh, you artful Chaplain, and all the time

## JOHN AND DULCIE HEAR THE NEWS

you knew that right at that moment Captain Ainslie was down at the village inn, kicking his heels in impatient eagerness for the evening to come!



# **RECONCILIATION**



## CHAPTER XV

### RECONCILIATION

AFTER tea the Chaplain began to think about making the coast all clear for Captain Ainslie, whom he knew would arrive at the cottage about seven o'clock. As the most convenient plan, he suggested to John Dauntton that they should take a walk, a proposition to which that worthy readily agreed, especially as he wished to question Mr. Allerton more closely as to the cause of the quarrel between the young Squire and Blake, and he did not deem it necessary for Dulcie to know such particulars. Shortly before seven o'clock the two sallied forth, and a little later a sharp knock brought Dulcie to the door.

She stepped back in sweet bewilderment when she saw Captain Ainslie standing there, with confident love shining in his eyes.

"You, Lionel!" she faltered.

"Dulcie, my darling!" he exclaimed, and in a moment she was taken, all unresisting, into his arms.

"Dulcie, my precious, and you did love me



## A REBELLION

all the time, didn't you?" he exclaimed, as they were later seated together.

"Yes," came the whispered answer.

"Even when you sent me away?"

"Yes—more at that moment than ever before. But, Lionel—"

"Yes, dear."

"I sent you away to forget me."

"Forget you! Why, darling, the memory of you was with me in all that trip! Every rapid voiced your name, and you were last in my sleeping thoughts and first in my waking ones. And you, little woman, were you forgetting me?"

"I tried to, Lionel, because I thought it was my duty, for a reason Daddy shall tell you. But, oh, I couldn't, dear, and that night I told you to go without any reason I thought my heart would break. I knew then, just as I know now, that my life would never be complete without you, and when Daddy read your name in the paper as having returned safely home from Canada I breathed a prayer of thankfulness, and wondered how I was going to pass through the years to come without you."

An answering pressure was her lover's

## RECONCILIATION

reply. Then a few blissful moments of silence, her head pillowed against his heart.

"Well, darling, Daddy need not bother to tell me the reason. It never was any reason, and, in any event, I know what it was."

She glanced at him in surprise.

"Yes, dear! I was the first one to whom Mr. Allerton showed the marriage certificate at Fort Garry—because he knew how deeply interested I was, as I had told him of my love for you."

"And when I mentioned your name to him this afternoon," said Dulcie, demurely, "he seemed to barely know that you were even on the staff."

"The dear old chap!" laughed the Captain. "Why, I came with him, and it was agreed between us that he was to be the forerunner of my great, my deep, happiness of to-night."

Mr. Allerton and John had a heartfelt chat during their walk.

"Seems like old times again," remarked the minister, "to be again with you, John."

"Yes, sir, and although I should be and am a very happy man this night, yet there is, nevertheless, a deep feeling of sorrow when I think of the many years of injustice with re-

## A REBELLION

gard to my poor dead darling and her husband. He went the wrong way about it, but he played fair, just the same, and she—she was right all the time.”

“It must be a regret,” returned the minister, “and I will not seek to minimize it, but you have this consolation, at least, John: that you never reproached your sister—that you always took the view that she, at least, had been sincere, and that from the moment of her birth you have faithfully cherished her child.”

The Chaplain then proceeded to tell John details of the fatal quarrel between the Squire and Blake, and both agreed that it was not necessary for “Daddy’s Pet” to know them.

“She is bound up in Captain Ainslie,” said John, “who was with you on your expedition. His father is a retired Colonel who lives near the village. I did not know matters had gone so far until the day before he left to report for the Canadian trip. Then he spoke to Dulcie in the afternoon, and was to receive his answer at night. Hearing of it, I told her all, and pointed out that it would not be fair to make such an alliance, either to him or to those who might come after. So she refused him.”

## RECONCILIATION

"Yes, I heard of the refusal," said the Chaplain, "and divined the cause. I think, John, you strained the point a little too far."

"You heard of it, sir?"

"Yes, from Captain Ainslie. He and I became close friends on the expedition, and he told me of this affair."

"But you hardly seemed to know him, sir, when Dulcie was asking about him."

"I know, John, just a little innocent stand-off. In reality he came down with me, and is now at your house. And I rather think," mused the Chaplain, "I rather think, John, that by this time those young people have reached a very satisfactory understanding. He is a very fine man in every way, John. I have been close to him under all kinds of trying circumstances, and any girl should be proud to win him."

When Mr. Allerton and John returned, which they did not do in any very great hurry, they found the two lovers still in the felicity of their new-found reconciliation.

"Mr. Daunton," said Captain Ainslie, in his straightforward and manly way, "as you know, I dearly love your niece, and she, I am proud to say, returns that affection. I ask for

## A REBELLION

your consent to our early marriage, and——”

“For your blessing, Daddy,” interposed Dulcie.

“Right gladly,” returned John Dauntton, “do I give both. I learned to like and esteem you, Captain Ainslie, before you left here, and after what I have been told of you by Mr. Allerton this evening, these feelings have become still further strengthened. Take her. I know that she will prove the joy and light of your life, as she has been of mine, and may God’s richest blessing rest on you both!”

“Amen!” reverently ejaculated the Chaplain.

“There is only one thing we insist on, Mr. Dauntton,” said Captain Ainslie, “and that is, that you shall make your home with us. Dulcie and I have talked it over, and we feel we cannot do without you.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile, Pete, who went everywhere with the Chaplain, was down at the village inn, where he had speedily made himself thoroughly at home. He and the Chaplain had first of all gone to London, pending a necessary delay before Captain Ainslie could secure the leave of absence which he desired. The



**PETE**



## RECONCILIATION

British Museum only appealed to Pete in spots, and the National Gallery had him yawning in short order, but the Tower of London—that was the spot for him, and it was hard to tear him away from a contemplation of the weapons exhibited. Madame Tussaud's Wax Works proved another big magnet, and in the Chamber of Horrors he was heard to remark:

“Wish I'd been around when some of them thar' things was goin' on—I'd 'a' taken a hand in, you bet!”

He also took great interest in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the various monuments, asking innumerable questions in his quaint way, which the Chaplain gladly answered. Above all, Pete loved to sit alongside of a 'bus driver and swap yarns, and the Chaplain, who knew enough to get close up behind such a pair, was treated to many a quiet chuckle.

By a careful manipulation, the Chaplain had induced Pete to abandon many of the brilliant effects he had secured in Montreal, and he now sported a fairly quiet-looking suit and a white collar. The latter he wore under protest, and whenever he got in his own room, he at once



## A REBELLION

whipped it off, in order, as he expressed it, to get "a breath of fresh air."

One evening, when they had returned to the lodging-house in which they were boarding, Pete seemed to be in a ruminative mood. Finally he remarked:

"I allus had the idea, Mr. Allerton, that the English people set Christianity above everythin' else."

"Why certainly, Pete, so they do. What makes you ask?"

"Well, sir, there's that monument in Trafalgar Square to Nelson, and them other monuments all over London to Admirals and Generals, and sich-like, all of them men who licked somebody somewhere, as you've told me, and got treasure and land for the Empire. Then in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey there are more of them 'ere monuments to men and warriors, and all round the walls there are flags taken in battles all over the world. I've been keeping my weather eye open for any kind of a monument to a Biblical character, but I ain't seen one yet."

"The thing never struck me that way before," laughed the Chaplain. "However, Pete,

## RECONCILIATION

religion in the heart and in the life is the best possible monument any nation can erect."

This particular evening Pete was ensconced in "The Travellers' Rest" in the village. It was a neatly-kept hostelry, and in the sanded bar-room, before an open fireplace—for the evening was a bit chilly—Pete was holding forth about the incidents and vicissitudes of his adventurous career. The word had got around that he had been a great trapper among the Indians, and this Fenimore Cooper halo had served to gather around him a large knot of interested villagers. Pete, sizing up the questions which were fired at him, speedily saw that he was in for a thoroughly scrumptious evening in his own peculiar way, and he had many a yarn to spin to his open-mouthed listeners. In fact, this particular Star Spangled Bannerite was enjoying himself to the masthead.

"Cold country, that part of 'Merica you come from?" said one of his auditors, during a temporary pause.

"Cold? I should say so! Gee whiz! Why, every time you want to feel warm in them parts you have to go out and get hugged by a

## A REBELLION

polar bear. Fact is, bears are kept for that very purpos', and fed accordin'."

"What food do you give them?" queried another auditor.

"Indian babbies, mostly. They're quite juicy, and what you might say suckerlent."

"Ain't there any danger of the bears forgettin' themselves and a-huggin' too hard?" said a third.

"Not a bit of it!" said Pete. "They know if they did they'd be shifted off the Indian babby diet to one of old Indian men and women, and they don't like 'em—too dry and bony."

"People in them parts, what do they live on?"

"Tomahawk soup," said Pete, "and frica-seed snowballs, for the most part. They're very fillin', even if the flavor ain't up to much. Fried icicles also come in nice once in a while for a change."

"Hullo! Here's Baldy!" was the ejaculation, as a man slouched in, and, pulling off his cap, disclosed a head entirely devoid of hair.

"Now, lookee here, my friend," said Pete, addressing the newcomer, "it ain't none of

## RECONCILIATION

my business, in a way, bein' a stranger in these here parts, but you oughter be proud of that bald head, so you should. Don't you fellers all know that 'riginal man was covered with hair? Of course he was. Then, as he got along and his intellect commenced to bulge, he lost more and more of that hair, until to-day, right at the present time of speakin', a bald-headed man is the very top-most notch of civerlization."

He of the bald head stepped solemnly forward and gravely shook Pete's hand for several seconds.

"But as we was sayin'," continued Pete, "before this higher type of civerlization arose, it's almighty cold in them parts of 'Merica where I came from."

"Freezin' all the time?" asked one listener.

"All the time?" remarked Pete. "You bet your life! Every week-day and twice on Sundays! Just before I came away I seen a man lookin' out of a three-storey window. That was in a border town. We don't have no buildings away back in the wilds, where the trappers and Indians is. Well, while that man was a-gazin' up street his hat fell off. Do you think he went downstairs to get it?

## A REBELLION

Not much! There was a pitcher of water in the room. He poured the water out so that it hit the hat. The water turned into an icicle on the way down, and the man hauled up hand over hand on that icicle and wrenched his hat off the end of it!"

With these and such-like yarns Pete managed to while away what he afterwards remarked was "a screamin' eagle of a time," until Mr. Allerton and Captain Ainslie returned to the inn.

Pete, who was in the "know," and who would have guarded the secret, if necessary, with his life, tiptoed towards the Captain as he entered, and in a whisper as loud as any average man's voice, said:

"What ho! Cap'en? Is it a splice?"

"Happy to say it is, Pete."

"Put it thar'!" said Pete, and the grasp he gave the Captain made him wince.

## **PETE HAS A LOVE AFFAIR**



## CHAPTER XVI

### PETE HAS A LOVE AFFAIR

THE VILLAGE in which Pete found himself was of the typical Devonshire type. It was surrounded by beautiful hilly country, and the main street consisted of straggling stone cottages, which were whitewashed. Some of them had little flower gardens in front, and others abutted right on the thoroughfare.

The walks—when there were any—consisted of pebbles. In some of the cottage windows articles were displayed for sale, such as cheap toys, marbles, and so on, while here and there existed small shops containing a jumble of things. The streets were lighted by oil lamps hanging from brackets, and many of the cottages were faced with monthly roses and fuschias, grown as high as the low-set bedroom windows. The children—such rosy-cheeked youngsters, with beautiful hair!—played outdoors, rain or shine, and many a romp did Pete have with them.

After leaving the main street, and ascending a hill, the parish church was reached. It was of stone, and dated back to the fifteenth



## A REBELLION

century. The oak pews and oak pulpit looked their age, while the stone floors were worn by the footsteps of many generations. Close by stood the rectory, a venerable stone house, covered with vines and roses, and within quaint and 'funny little passages led to the rooms, many of which it was necessary to go down a step to enter. Farmers, farm laborers, some retired Army and Navy officers, and a few landed gentry, with their families, made up the church attendance, and the minister was a strange mixture of High Church and sporty, not to say slangy, conversation. He was fond of riding and all outdoor sports, and always took his place in the cricket matches on the village green.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more tranquilly beautiful than some of the walks in the neighborhood. On either side of certain roads apple orchards, during the blossom season, gave the effect of fairyland, while other walks went up hill and down dale, with ever and anon a glimpse of the sea in the distance. And on all hands flowers grew in the greatest profusion, ladening the air with their sweet perfume.

Pete boarded at the "King's Arms," and it

## PETE HAS A LOVE AFFAIR

did not take long for him to get on excellent terms with Molly, the buxom and rosy-cheeked chambermaid. To her he was the embodiment of romantic interest, and to him—well, his feelings can best be judged by this soliloquy which he had with himself when taking his scrub at the pump one morning:

“Blame me if I ain’t getting fond of that gal. Wonder if I’m too old a lariat to lasso a filly like her?”

Pete was a man of action, but his ways with women were not exactly of the conventional order.

“If I had her out West,” he ruminated, “I could make short work of the job, but, blame me, if I am up to the proper stunt regardin’ town folks.”

However, one evening, he decided to put an end to the matter one way or the other, and with an extra polish of soap, his greyish hair carefully plastered each side of a mathematical parting, and a new tie of flaming hue, he decided, as he put it, to “see if the filly was willin’ to be broke to matreronal harness.”

He found Molly sitting in the garden, taking a well-earned rest after an arduous day’s work.

## A REBELLION

"Lor'! Mr. Pete, how you startled me!" she exclaimed, as he stole quietly up to her.

"What are you calling me 'Mr. Pete' for?" he returned. "Why don't yer make it 'Mr. Pete, Esquire, and give me all my blamed inishuls?"

"Well, you are Mr. Pete, ain't you?"

"Not to you, my lass, any more than to any of the rest of 'em. Just call me plain 'Pete,' and the Lord knows I'm just that—look more like the breakin' up of a hard winter than anythin' else."

"Oh—Petel!"

"That sounds better! Now you're a-goin' some!"

"Say, Molly?"

"Well?"

"I'm about old enough to be your dad, but there's plenty of life in the old curmudgeon yet."

"I should say so!"

"Well, I ain't used to the ways of wimmen; had one once for a while, but that was when I was a colt, and I've never had any truck with 'em since."

"You're a widower, then?"

"Yep. Been one nigh on to twenty years."

## PETE HAS A LOVE AFFAIR

Pete was finding the job more difficult than he thought, and an awkward pause ensued, during which he took a sudden interest in his hat.

Molly, with her quick woman's intuition, realized what was coming, but, with true feminine perversity, took pleasure in his embarrassment, and secretly resolved not to aid him one iota.

"Lots of good-lookin' young fellers 'round here?" finally remarked Pete.

"Yes; quite a few."

"Ever have any of 'em a-sidlin' up to you?"

"Yes; lots!"

"Not for keeps?"

"No; haven't met Mr. Right yet."

"How would I do?"

"In what way?"

Pete had made bold to clasp her hand by this time.

"Molly, I know I ain't much to look at!" he exclaimed. "I've led a hard life, but always a straight one; never flimflammed any man, nor done any shootin', 'ceptin' it was needed. My old carkus was branded a good many years back, but I haven't got the botts, or the spavins, and I ain't broken-winded, not

## A REBELLION

by a darned sight! I know you're a pretty young filly to get tethered up to an old hitching-post like me, but that's what I want, if the same looks good to you. I'd like some boys and gals, and I think we'd travel pretty well together in double harness. I know you've been stall-fed, while I'm only an old mustang, but you'd find me still a lively stepper, without any ringbones to interfere, and there ain't any gall-marks on my karkis. I know I ain't put this thing right, but it's what I mean, and mean hard. What do you say? Is it a hitch?"

And Molly said it was.

**THE END**



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE END

IT WAS arranged that Dulcie and Captain Ainslie should have a speedy wedding, a plan in which John Daunton readily acquiesced, as he was anxious to get back among former friends, on a right footing with regard to the dead as well as the living. The necessary proof having been accorded, Dulcie succeeded to the estate left by her father, the young Squire. It included the Manor House and a goodly acreage, which had in the meantime passed to a much wealthier branch of the family, who had not paid much attention to it.

The wedding, it was decided, should take place from there, and John and Dulcie came up some days before, accompanied by the Chaplain and Pete, who told Dulcie one day that he had been associated with a minister so long now that he felt it was about up to him to take holy orders.

It was a bright morning in November, when the little village church at Brindon was crowded with an expectant throng. Dulcie's wedding day had arrived, and all the sur-



## A REBELLION

rounding circumstances served to add more than the ordinary piquancy to the event. Colonel Ainslie and his wife were there, the leading County families round about were represented, old-time village friends of John Daunton were on hand, and, last but not least, there was the redoubtable Pete, feeling far more self-conscious than he ever did in the midst of the worst kind of a rapid.

It was while they were in London that the Chaplain told Pete of the story of the certificate, and what would certainly be the early wedding of the Captain.

"If so, you'll be one of the guests, Pete," said the minister.

"Think I will, sir?"

"Of course you will, Pete."

Now, Pete was a great admirer of the Captain, and he made up his mind to do himself proud on the occasion of the auspicious event. As the result, he appeared at the church with a light pair of trousers, a full-dress waistcoat and coat, and a flaming red tie—articles which he had secured at a ready-made shop in the Metropolis. The outfit was intended by Pete as a surprise, which it certainly was.

John Daunton gave the bride away, and

## THE END

very sweet she looked in her white gown, with bridal veil and orange blossoms—not her mother's bridal veil, for, alas! there had not been one.

Mr. Allerton officiated, and as he proceeded with the service he could not help recalling that at the time of John's great sorrow he had expressed a hope to him that even yet a blessing might result, and he rejoiced that he had lived to see it.

At the close of the words which made them one, the Captain, lifting her veil, tenderly kissed his radiant wife, and so did the Chaplain. Afterwards, in the vestry, when they were signing the register, "Daddy" took her in his arms, and Pete, not to be behindhand, also made bold to take his toll.

Then to the pealing of the village bells they all wended their happy way to the Manor House for the wedding breakfast. Such a jolly time they had! Mr. Allerton proposed the health of the bride and groom, and Captain Ainslie made a heartfelt response. Then nothing must do but to hear from John Dauntton, who voiced the sincere delight with which he was back once more among old scenes and old friends. And not alone were they present—

## A REBELLION

(and here there was a little catch in his voice)—to honor the happy couple of that day, but also to reverently remember another couple, who for some years had rested in the silent tomb.

At the close of this speech the Chaplain remarked that they had a tried and true friend who had come over with them from America, a man who had given of his best efforts and skill—and they were unexampled—to help a British force to reach other Britishers in distress. He would call upon him to say a word or two. In response, Pete, giving an extra yank at the red tie, said:

“Much obliged to you, ladies and gentlemen. This kind of thing ain’t in my line; fact is it’s the first I’ve ever seen. If it was taking you down a river, or blazing a way through a woods, I’d be more at home, but I’m right glad to be here, you bet! The Chaplain—there’s no finer man walks this earth, and Pete’s the child prepared to back the same, done the job up slick, if I’m any judge, and next to the Chaplain, Captain Ainslie’s the man for me, and I seen ’em both for long weeks together when they tackled a game to which they warn’t used, and both of ’em

## THE END

showed they was made of the right stuff.

"I ain't no 'plenshary from the States—far from it; all the same, I give the Captain and his Missis a hearty 'Merican greeting!"

The bride and groom did not leave on their honeymoon trip till the evening train, and that afternoon a little group wended its way to the village churchyard, composed of Dulcie and her husband, together with John Dauntton and Mr. Allerton.

They first of all visited a grave whose tombstone bore the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Squire Illington," and on the mound there was a wreath with the word in white immortelles, "Father." After remaining there in silence for a short while, they walked to another nearby grave, on which there was also a similar wreath, with the word in white immortelles, "Mother," both wreaths having been placed there on her wedding morning by their child. With bowed heads they stood, and Pete, standing a respectful distance away, was not ashamed to brush his sleeve across his eyes.

Pete and Molly were married a short time afterwards, and the most notable feature of the ceremony was that every time the minister

## A REBELLION

stopped to take breath, Pete thundered out an "I will!" under the apparent impression that it was expected of him and would help to make the knot good and tight. With some money he had in hand he purchased the "King's Arms," and he and Molly, in due course of time, were the happy parents of a frolicsome brood.

Mr. Allerton became a frequent visitor at Brindon, and John Dauntton in the Manor House learned to modify his views somewhat with regard to alliances between differing classes. It was not long before there arrived at the Manor another little Dulcie, to be followed by a second John, and both of them call him "Daddy."

And in the little churchyard there is now a double grave, and a second inscription on Squire Illington's tomb reads:

"Also sacred to the memory of Dulcie Dauntton, beloved wife of the above."

## THE END



**FORT GARRY AT TIME OF REBELLION**



**MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, 1870**





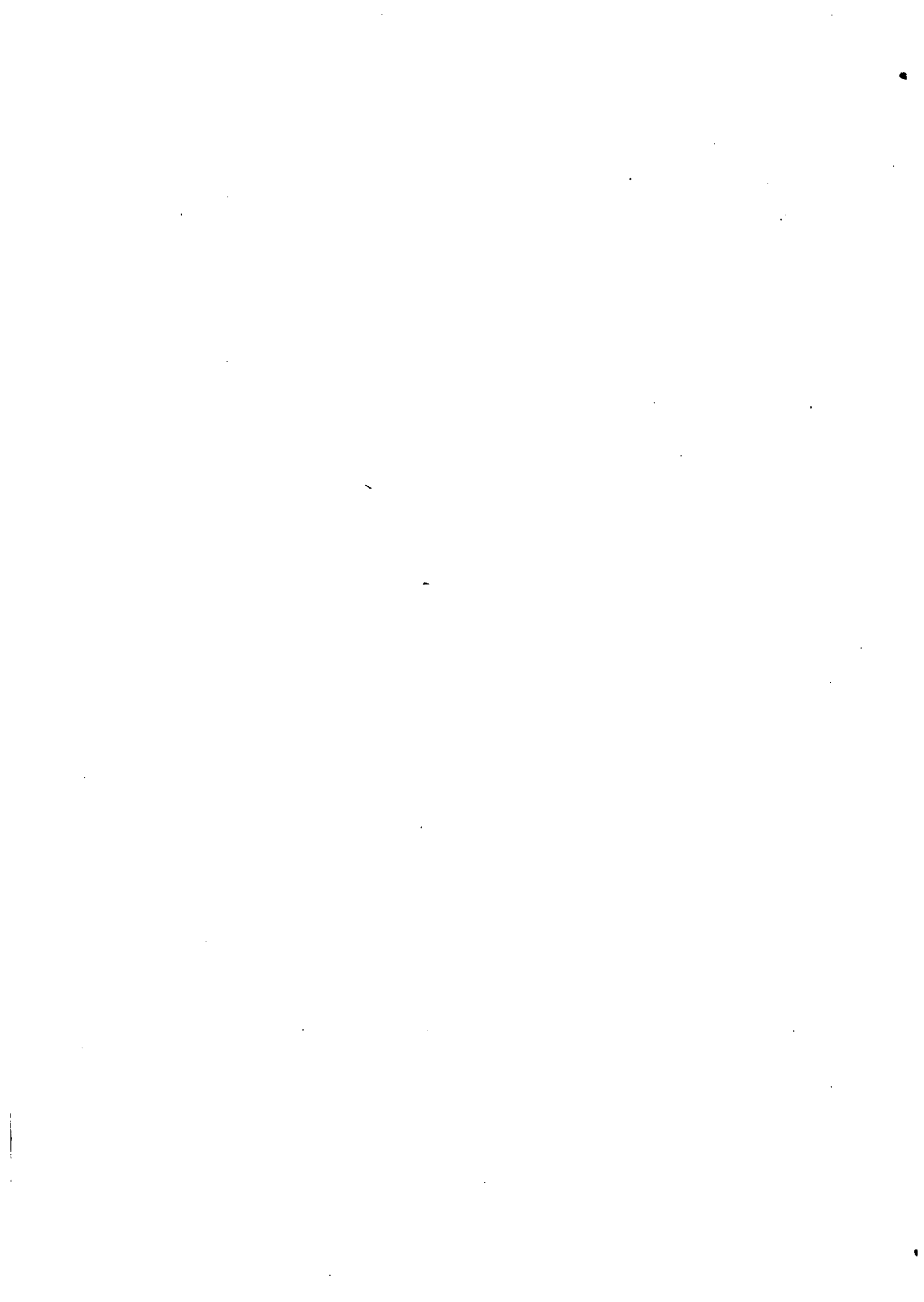
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, JULY, 1912







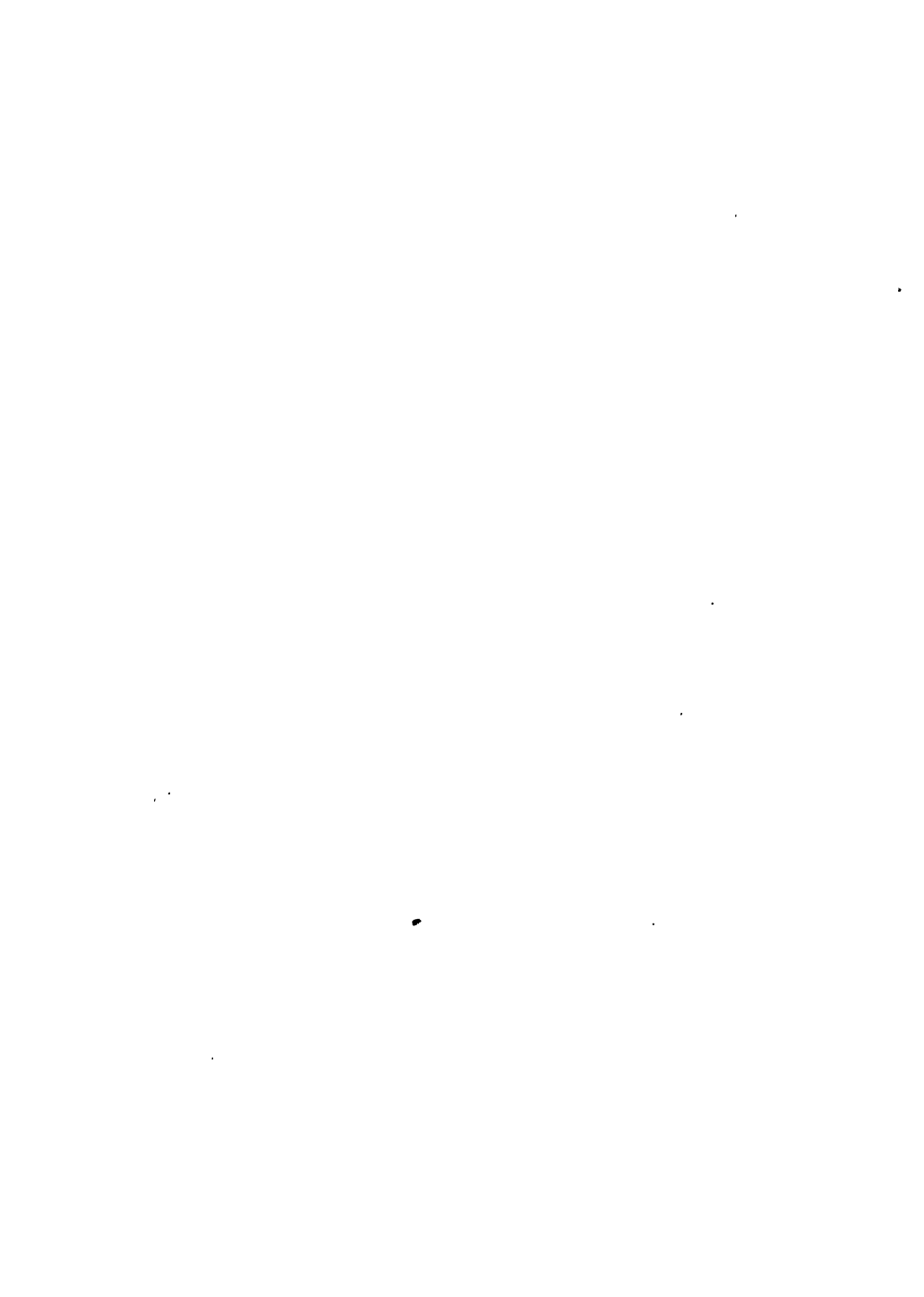
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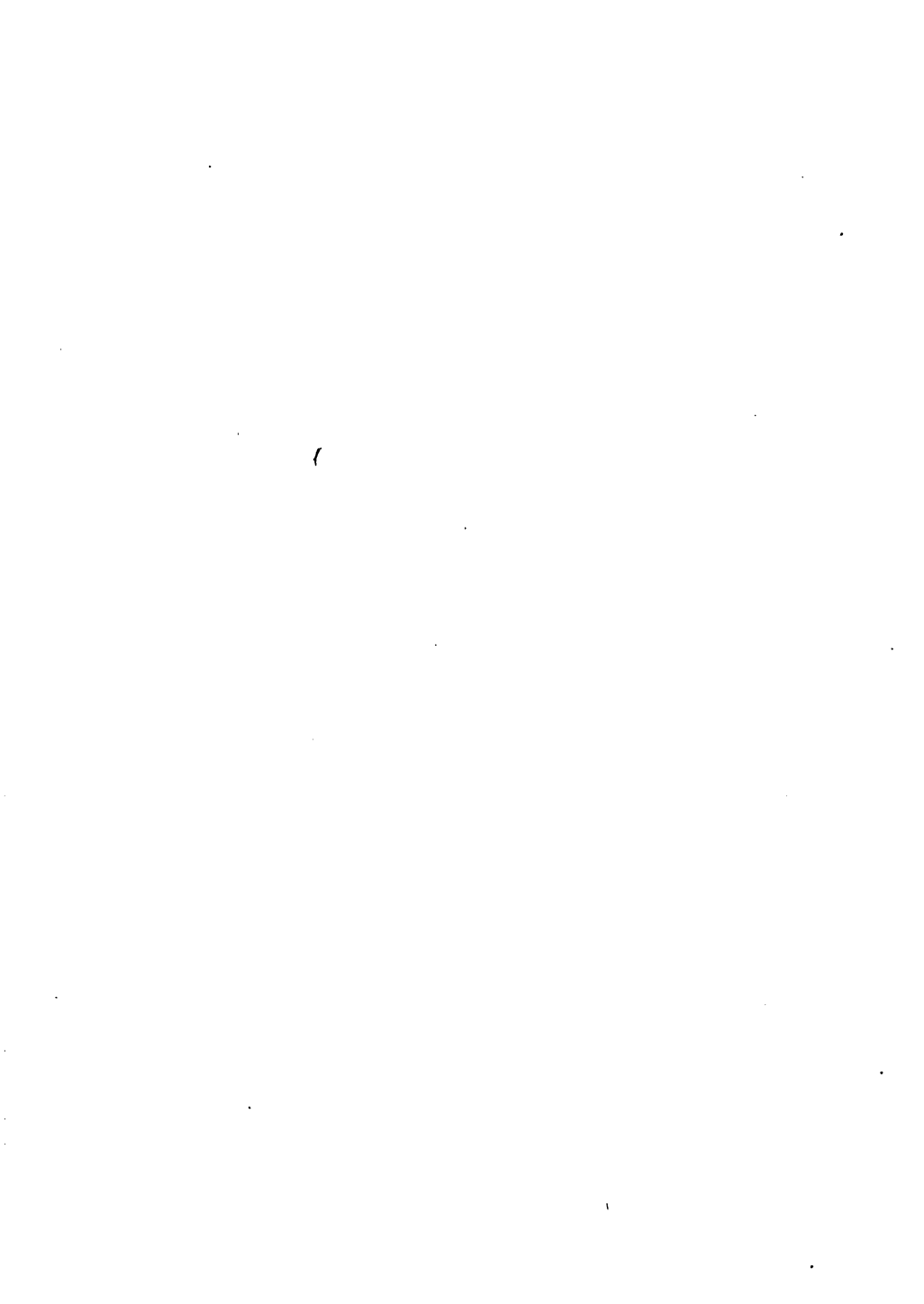






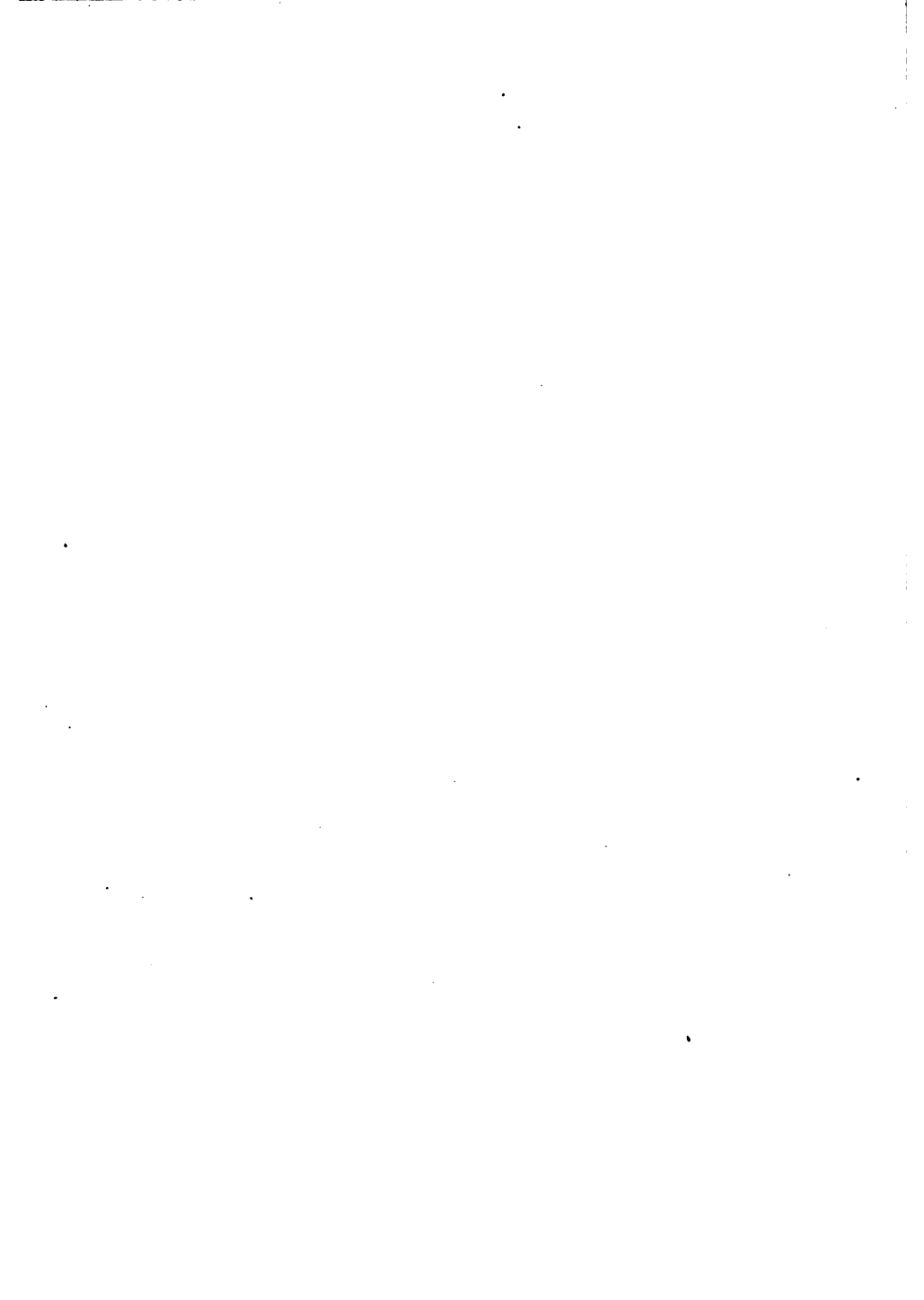














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